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A GREAT sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. Increase of graces shall be given to thy head, and a noble crown shall protect thee. And on her head a crown of twelve stars.

From Matins of the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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OCTOBER, 1946

New Progress in Cancer Research

By

MYRON STEARNS

Condensed from *Redbook**

AN important and far-reaching medical research is being carried on by the Institutum Divi Thomae of Cincinnati, Ohio; for if the bright promise that it seems at present to hold is fulfilled, it will be only a relatively few years before cancer, man's greatest and most unyielding enemy in the field of disease—which takes 165,000 lives annually in the U. S. alone—may be completely overcome.

The Institutum Divi Thomae—the “I.D.T.,” as it is coming to be called—carries weight in scientific circles. It has some 14 different research units in various parts of the country under the central planning and able guidance of Dr. George Sperti, its 46-year-old director.

Unlike most purely scientific establishments, the bulk of the Institu-

From mice to men

tum's generous funds for research comes from neither gifts nor grants but from a commercial enterprise known as Sperti, Incorporated, which utilizes the new knowledge developed at the Institutum in a multiplicity of ways: through sale of vitamin-rich yeast for chicken and animal feed, from sunray lamps and other lighting and sterilizing equipment, from a concentrated orange juice, agar-agar, a healing ointment for burns, a lotion for rejuvenating the cells of the skin, and many other things.

Through Sperti, Incorporated, the Institutum Divi Thomae Foundation, and the Institutum Divi Thomae itself—the research is practically self-perpetuating.

All units work on one central research-theme. Cancer research is concerned with the behavior of individual cells—since



Dr. George Sperti Sperti

*McCall St., Dayton, 1, Ohio. August, 1946.

cancer occurs only when, for some still obscure reasons, a group of cells gets out of control and begins dividing, or growing, so rapidly that what is known as a "malignant tumor" is formed. Cellular behavior has accordingly been chosen as the central research subject on which each unit carries on every year some definite work.

Obviously this permits, through cooperation of different Institutum research units, a tremendous amount of investigation and experiment. With 150 to 200 carefully trained researchers working at least part time, in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Texas, Louisiana, Florida, New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan, on cellular behavior that may apply to cancer, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that promising progress has at last been made.

More than 50,000 mice have been used in cancer studies, and possibly 10,000 rats, and other experimental rodents like guinea pigs, as well. More than 100 papers, reporting important investigations by Institutum researchers in related cancer subjects, have been published in scientific journals of international standing—each telling of results secured after dozens, and in many cases hundreds, of separate experiments.

Cancer has been investigated from the standpoint of viruses by which it can be caused; from the standpoint of bacteria by which it can be caused; from the standpoint of mechanical injury of cells. Spectroscopic studies of blood have been made for early diagnosis. It has been studied from the

standpoint of radiations, with investigations of special light waves that injure or destroy tissue cells, and from the standpoint of particular poisons, called carcinogenic agents, like certain coal-tar products, that injure cells and eventually cause cancer.

Because cancer is common in plants (distorted, bark-covered knobs or burls on many trees are a form of plant cancer), the Institutum has gone to plants to see what causes cancer there. They have studied cancer in chickens. Starfish have been particularly useful; if a starfish loses one of its five arms, it rapidly grows another. The cell growth that produces a new starfish arm affords a graphic comparison; only in the one the rapid growth is orderly, controlled by needs, and in the other disorderly and deadly. Salamanders, onion roots, sea urchins all come within the scope of cancer research.

Before the Institutum Divi Thomae was founded, George Sperti was director of the Basic Research Laboratories of the University of Cincinnati. While he was there, an associate, John Fardon, now with him at the Institutum, conducted at his suggestion a long series of experiments to see whether or not mice could be made immune to cancer, or even relatively so, by the injection of this or that substance. The spleen, for example, assists the system in warding off various diseases; would a spleen extract, made of ground-up spleen cells, tend to make a laboratory mouse immune?

Fardon made hundreds of experiments. An extract of ground-up spleen

cells seemed to increase resistance to cancer. So did extract of mouse-embryo cells, and many others. In some instances the injections seemed much more effective than in others; in the most successful experiments, the number in which transplanted cancers would not grow dropped from 80 to only 14 in 100. Fardon and Sperti were elated.

But then—disappointment. When the extracts that had produced the best results were separated into their parts, the good results disappeared. In many experiments, when the protein substances from the cells were separated from the liquids and injected into experimental mice, the susceptibility to cancer, instead of decreasing, actually rose. It was incomprehensible. Instead of 14, 90 mice of every 100 succumbed to the transplanted cancers.

The researchers were baffled. There was nothing to do but try to separate the component parts of the extracts in some other way, so that the cancer-resisting element, whatever it might be, would not be destroyed in the process. After successive efforts brought only additional failures, they gave up.

That set of experiments, at first promising and later a complete disappointment, was made in the late 20's. John Fardon's paper reporting on it was published in 1933.

Scientists have to learn to take failure in stride. Dozens of new investigations into cellular behavior, that might in some other way throw a light on cancer, were planned and executed.

Supplementing the research work of

Warburg, a German scientist, work was started on yeast cells. Dr. Warburg had searched exhaustively into—of all things!—the amount of oxygen consumed by sea-urchin eggs. He had elaborated a gadget used for measuring minute amounts of gases in the blood. It became a "respirometer," like a small-scale basal-metabolism outfit. With it he could measure exactly how much oxygen the sea-urchin eggs used before they were fertilized, and how much afterward. The whole picture shifted instantly. The metabolism changed greatly after fertilization occurred, he learned.

He found that cells in fast-growing embryo tissue may use more oxygen than older cells. In general, the older cells are, the less oxygen they use. He investigated the "Pasteur effect." Pasteur had noted that under some conditions yeast cells change from consumption of a great deal of oxygen to very little. This change-over is accompanied by a change in what is known as glycolysis—the ability of a cell to use sugars and starches without corresponding use of oxygen. When there is abundant oxygen, cells seem to burn sugar up with it, but when little is available, the cells turn to a different kind of sugar splitting, that enables them to go on dividing rapidly.

Warburg measured the amount of oxygen used by cancer cells. Since cancer cells are young and fast-growing, like embryo cells, he naturally expected to find that they breathed rapidly, consuming a great deal of oxygen, as most embryo cells do. Instead, he found that

they used very little of that available.

So he reasoned: if oxygen causes embryo cells to shift from low respiration sugar splitting to the fast-breathing and burning type of sugar consumption, and the cells go on growing and dividing under both conditions—why shouldn't cancer cells do the same thing? In fact, may that not be the difference between ordinary, or "benign," tumor cells that are relatively harmless, and the "malign," or anar-chistic, cells of cancer, that keep on growing or dividing with terrible speed, and can't be stopped?

He proved, to his own satisfaction, that a lower respiration rate, or slower breathing, and different sugar splitting are characteristic of cancer cells, and that when ordinary cells for one reason or another make the change-over, cancer usually results. Dr. Warburg received the Nobel prize for his work on enzymes, which included the fundamental principles and basis for his cancer work.

A storm of discussion followed publication of Warburg's book. Some scientists' experiments seemed to refute his conclusions, while others seemed to confirm them. Warburg had, unfortunately, not made enough experiments with both normal and malign tumor cells to make certain that all would fall into the categories he observed. Cells of the retina of the eye, for example, do not show the "Pasteur effect" or change-over in sugar-use. The same thing proved true with other tissues. Because of his failure to investigate more widely nearly all Warburg's

conclusions were discarded by some scientists. But not by the Institutum Divi Thomae.

Dr. Sperti said in an address to the Third International Cancer Congress, at Atlantic City in 1939, "With its essential soundness and inherent shortcomings, Warburg's contribution to the metabolism of tumor cells undoubtedly represents one of the greatest advances in the study of cancer in history. Today most scientists do not agree with his theory of the cause of cancer. This does not mean, however, that his work is to be discredited; on the contrary, it should be supplemented."

At the Institutum hundreds of experiments were made, for the most part with yeast cells, to find out more about cellular reactions and metabolism. One question Sperti asked his research associates was this: when cells die, does their so-called "breathing" stop immediately, or is there a certain amount of oxygen consumption, produced perhaps by the action of enzymes, that continues after death?

To answer this question, a test tube full of yeast cells was irradiated with rays of light of a known power or wave length, that would kill a certain proportion of the cells in a given length of time. The infinitesimal amount of oxygen used by the cells during the experiment was carefully measured with a Warburg respirometer. Would the amount of oxygen consumed correspond exactly with the proportion of cells known to be still alive in the test tube? Or would the oxygen-consumption line drop less rapidly than the

death line, showing that some oxygen was consumed by cells even after they were technically "dead"?

After the experiment, the troubled researchers said to Sperti, "We must have made some mistake. After we killed half the cells, twice as much oxygen was used as the whole tubeful used in the beginning."

"Try again," Sperti said. "Only be more careful."

They got the same result! Over and over again.

Next they tried taking a test tube full of yeast cells and killing all of them. Oxygen consumption fell to zero. Then the test tube full of dead cells was emptied into a tube of living cells—and oxygen consumption of the living cells more than doubled.

Obviously, something happened to the dead cells, either before, during, or after death, that stimulated other cells to greater oxygen consumption—or, as you and I would put it, to more rapid breathing.

It was the beginning of what may be one of the most important medical discoveries of modern times—that cells give off infinitely minute stimulants to other cells, perhaps after the nature of hormones. Their importance is so great that the Institutum has suggested a general name—"biodynes." Literally thousands of later experiments have shown three main groups or "families" of them: one stimulates the growth of other cells, another stimulates the breathing or oxygen consumption of other cells, and a third affects the sugar use, or glycolysis, of other cells. If cells

are injured or sickly, they tend to give off more of them than at other times.

Although knowledge is so new that many scientists are still skeptical about them, their acceptance is spreading more and more rapidly as outside experiments substantiate what the young Institutum has already demonstrated. Less is known about the glycolysis stimulant than the others—and, as was at first the case with vitamins, no one yet knows exactly what most of them consist of. Also, like Vitamin B, for instance, each group or family can be subdivided into many different strains or constituents. Yeast-cell stimulants, apparently, differ from other plant-cell stimulants and animal-cell stimulants; liver-cell stimulants apparently differ from spleen-cell stimulants, and so on, indefinitely.

One early experiment separated dead cells in a test tube from the cell-free liquid in the tube. It was found that the liquid, and not the dead cells themselves, contained the stimulants for other cells.

Then the Fardon experiments with cancer-resisting extracts were recalled. In the light of the new knowledge, Institutum scientists realized that the disappointing conclusion of the cancer-resistance investigation had been because, in the then existing belief that only protein substances were efficacious as immunizing agents, the real cancer-checking ingredients had been thrown down the drain!

So a whole new series of experiments began. Was it possible that one of the new biodynes, a cell-respiration stimu-

lant, would tend to make cancer cells breathe faster, and even miraculously change back from slow-breathing, rapidly-dividing cells, to more normal cells?

For more than eight years, experiments have been showing that respiration-stimulating biodynes can affect cancer cells. Thousands of laboratory mice have been used to show that some cancer-susceptible strains can be made cancer-resistant, that cell-free extract of mouse embryo, of mouse liver, of mouse spleen, will even cure some deep-seated mouse cancers like cancer of the breast. But similar extracts from rat livers and rat spleen do not have the same effect on mouse cancers. An almost infinite amount of experimenting still remains to be done.

After enough experiments had been performed with laboratory mice and other animals, the researchers felt that the time had come to attempt the first treatments of superficial forms of cancer in human beings. A unit was set up with the Skin and Cancer Unit of the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, affiliated with the Graduate School of Medicine of Columbia University, in New York City. Miss Elsie Walter, trained researcher, took charge of the extracts, containing cell-respiration stimulants, which would be injected into cancer patients. It was decided that only skin cancers in early stages would be treated. Not enough is yet known of the various biodyne strains for more than that. Dr. Joseph Amersbach has had charge of most of the experimental treatments, while Dr.

John Lauricella had charge of a few.

The first patient, Dr. Amersbach tells me, was a woman about 65 with a skin cancer about the size of a lima bean on the side of her face. Dr. Amersbach, he has since admitted, was skeptical. He expected that, for one thing, there would be some kind of eruption or swelling where the first needle-full of the biodyne stimulant, containing about one cubic centimeter of spleen extract, was injected.

But no disturbance resulted—"any more," Dr. Amersbach tells me, "than would be the case with an anesthetic like novocain."

At the end of a week, when the patient came for a second treatment, the cancer at least seemed no worse; if anything, it even seemed better. At the end of a month it was noticeably smaller. At the end of five months it had disappeared, leaving no scar nor mark of any kind. Had malignant cancer cells, responding to the cellular extract, begun to breathe more rapidly, and in so doing lost their power of sugar splitting without using much oxygen, and their power of rapid growth? They had seemingly changed back from anarchistic cells, threatening life, to normal cells subject to the control of the system, or they had been disposed of by the body.

Other cases followed. Although for the most part not as spectacularly rapid as the first, the cancers yielded. The total number has now risen to 46, of which a couple were operated on, as the injections seemed to be accomplishing so little that, for the patient's safe-

ty, surgery was resorted to. In all the other cases the injections—first of extract from human spleen, and in later cases from beef spleen—have caused most cancers either to disappear entirely or to recede to the extent that disappearance is assured.

There the matter stands, with further experiments, so numerous that they will take years to complete, necessary before patients with anything except skin cancers can be safely treated. A scientific report on the successful treatments so far made has been prepared for the American Medical Association by Dr. Sperti, Dr. Amersbach and Dr. Walter.

The picture is still very spotty. Says Dr. Sperti, "Many things have not yet been done that must be. The metabolism of cells is not as yet by any means understood. Only certain phases of this complicated matter have as yet come under close observation. Further studies are necessary on, among other things, the regression of tumors. What happens to cells that recede?"

"When it comes to the treatment of patients, we must go ahead very slowly. It is possible to get strains of laboratory mice that always behave about the same; one strain may be relatively resistant to cancer, and another particularly cancer-susceptible. But with humans, no such simplicity exists. Each individual is so complex that it is impossible to predict developments.

"So far, only skin cancers in early stages of development have been successfully treated and cured—and in each case it could have been done by either surgery or X-rays. The preparing of the bitydine extract is still so expensive and complicated a matter that only a few, even of the tens of thousands of skin-cancer cases in this country alone, can get the new treatment.

"How long will it be before our initial experiments can be supplemented by enough others to bring all types of cancer under control? I'm sure your guess is as good as mine, but I feel that our approach is exceedingly promising."

How Is Your Ecclesiastical Vocabulary?

By William J. Nolan

What is your liturgical IQ? What do the following terms, which are used in referring to Catholic churches, customs, rites, and vestments, mean to you? How many can you identify? A score of 15 is excellent, 10 is good, and 5 is fair. The answers will be found on page 44, but no fair peeking.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. liturgy | 8. Tenebrae | 15. maniple |
| 2. censer | 9. pectoral cross | 16. sedia gestatoria |
| 3. vespere | 10. tiara | 17. tract |
| 4. pall | 11. Ordo | 18. Viaticum |
| 5. regular clergy | 12. nave | 19. paschal candle |
| 6. rochette | 13. choir | 20. tintinabulum |
| 7. Pax | 14. umbrellina | |

NUNS IN TOKYO

By RICHARD F. SCULLY

Condensed from the *Catholic Transcript**

THE OTHER NIGHT I was as proud as I have ever been that I am a Catholic. It was at Ueno railroad station in Tokyo. The soldiers say, "It is bigger than New York's Grand Central. And Father, what a place! You have to see it to believe it. People are born and die there every night." Thus, when Father John Smyth of New York had to catch a train for Sapporo, I was happy for the chance to go sight-seeing in the station.

And there are sights to see. It's really big. Certainly Grand Central never has as many people in it at one time as Ueno has continually. It's so crowded that it is difficult to distinguish the long lines before its many train gates. But the lines are there, made up not so much of single Japanese as of whole families, one after the other, and the lines are so long they go stringing out the big station doors for blocks.

Of course, everywhere there are children with outstretched palms begging chewing gum and cigarettes. Somehow the children remain cheerful, and even a refusal is granted a smiling "Good-bye"; and you smile, too, at the Christian greeting, "God be with you," from little pagans. A lighted pipe is as bright a beacon to wizened old men and women with cigarette butts as a Roman collar is to the Brotherhood of

the Extended Palm in New York. Matches are very scarce. A great many Japanese, arm-banded as railroad employees, add to the confusion with their little brooms. They try to keep the place clean, but it's a hopeless task. Ueno, however, like other Japanese stations, has excellent accommodations for the armed forces. The R.T.O. (Railroad Transportation Office) is a large, attractive lounge partitioned off at one end, with easy chairs, tables, magazines, games, information desk, and even porters.

Although the poor are everywhere, nowhere was there a good word for them. It was certainly a place for a Japanese St. Vincent de Paul, and it was disappointing not to find someone at least trying to help them.

Outside the station my jeep was parked near what looked like an entrance to the Ginza subway. The Ginza is Tokyo's Broadway and Ueno station is at its north end. Wondering what the subway was like, I went down the long, steep ramp. It led not only to the subway but to several big, ill-lighted tunnels leading to the station proper. They were damp and dirty and had an odor in keeping with their looks. Japanese were on all sides, standing, sitting, and sleeping on the dirty, wet concrete floor. Some were fortunate

*785 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn. July 25, 1946.

enough to have a few newspapers for a bed.

Things were different here from the station. There was no attempt to clean up. There was no begging, yet no Oriental stoicism. You could read the miserable plight of the poor in their faces. The ruins outside had been their homes; they had lost everything. Dirty tunnels were now their only shelter. It seemed almost sacrilegious to be curious, so I hurried to get away. Then I saw the Sisters.

At a junction of two tunnels were four Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, with a nurse from their Tokyo hospital, *Seibo Byoin*. Their white habits stood out in strange contrast to the surroundings and seemed almost to create a glow from another world. They were working around a little folding table.

They were Japanese Sisters, but were not doing things as the Japanese usually do. The Japanese are funny. Everything seems to demand a ceremony, bows, so much talk, a drink of tea. Here Sisters worked like Army doctors getting troops ready with shots for overseas. They had the Japanese approaching in three lines. Sores were dressed; eyes, ears, and throats treated; bandages and dressings applied with amazing speed.

Difficult cases were referred to their leader, tall and stately for a Japanese, whose face seemed to mirror the compassion she felt. She listened to symptoms, used her stethoscope, and quickly decided which powder would be best. There's a shortage of pills, too. The

Sister poured out the powder on a little piece of paper and the patient took it at once. Sometimes small amounts were given for future use.

I recognized Sister as Mother Francisco. She's a medical doctor, and a good one. Her work in Tokyo during the war will be long remembered. I first met her last fall on a Tokyo street. With a Sister companion, she was trying to get to *Seishin-gakko*, the Sacred Heart school, to care for a Sacred Heart Mother. It was a joy then to think of a native being of such service to a missionary, but now it was more thrilling to see her taking care of her own people.

Mother Francisco practiced medicine for about six years in Tokyo before "entering," but aside from that she is typical of many Japanese women who have become nuns. Her parents are both pagans. She is very likely a graduate of one of the excellent schools conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of St. Maur, or some other Religious Congregation. She speaks fluent English and French and perhaps can get along in German, Spanish and Italian. The first time I visited the Tokyo Carmel, the Japanese Carmelite who greeted us in the "speak room" spoke French, Spanish and German to my missionary priest companions and English to me.

This can be explained, perhaps, by the international nature of the missions. At any station, if it is at all large, you are sure to encounter a half dozen nationalities. At the Yokohama hospital of the Franciscan Missionaries of

Mary there are six foreign Sisters, all from different countries in Europe. At the Salesians' industrial school and seminary near Tokyo, 18 different languages are spoken. That may be a record but the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary will not be far behind, as I've met French, Belgian, English, American, Dutch, Italian, German, Polish, Spanish, Canadian, and Korean, besides the Japanese Sisters among them.

The directress of their Tokyo hospital is Mother Mary of Jesus, also an M.D. She practiced medicine in London during the last war; the blitz was her second experience. Recently she took care of a crowd of GIs injured in a truck accident near the hospital. "Thank the Lord, Father," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "I was the only one there who understood English." An American soldier, not seeing her, had "told off" the Japanese civilian he thought responsible for the accident.

One of our Army surgeons, after talking with her, remarked, "That lady knows her stuff," and expressed his amazement at the standards she has set for the hospital. Under her supervision the Japanese Sisters who make such an excellent team with Mother Francisco have been trained as nurses. Here's an answer, too, to so-called practical people who can't see the good of missionaries. It is true that missionaries come to bring the light of faith to a pagan land, but the "practical" things are not forgotten.

Ueno station shows the results. You can only understand the work of the Sisters there when you know some-

thing about Christian charity. First of all, so filthy are conditions in the subway that no natural motive could bring them there regularly. No signs advertise their Order or the Catholic Church. No one passes out religious tracts or literature. The working habit of the Franciscan Missionaries is a white apron-like uniform. It looks like the long operating gown of doctors and nurses and hides the distinctive religious features of their usual habits. I'm sure very few of the poor Japanese know who or what the Sisters are. Only one night was there a camera around, and then only because a chaplain asked a news photographer to get him some shots. The pictures were unposed, a surprise to the Sisters.

So few records are kept that it would be impossible to tell the number of their patients. On arriving at the station they first seek out the dying, who are baptized and made as comfortable as possible. The night I was there they had found three old men. They died before the Sisters left. The nuns are also on the lookout for abandoned babies. Joseph, the hospital pet, is a Ueno baby. Sometimes a poor Japanese mother will let them take a sick child to their hospital. I saw one do this. Her baby was very dirty and obviously in need of care, but, as the mother gave it to the Sisters, she was weeping from the bottom of her heart. And I'll not soon forget how it looked as the Sister held it against her immaculate habit.

Once they set up their little dispensary, they have patients of all

ages, from little babies strapped Japanese fashion to somebody's back, to trembling old men and women. A great many have large, festering sores from malnutrition or infections. Some, perhaps three or four each evening, have typhus. Those are turned over to the Japanese police and taken to a hospital. Sometimes there are even lepers. The photographer "caught" Mother Francisco treating one. Then there are others with the usual human ills.

If an operation is very necessary, the patient is taken to their hospital, which is usually so crowded they are forced to use corridors as wards. About 9 o'clock, while many were still waiting

to see the Sisters, they began packing their things. I asked about the waiting crowd. A Sister answered, "We could stay all night and it would be the same, but now our medical supplies are all gone."

This is only Ueno station. Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have eight places in Japan. They include a leper colony, hospitals, orphanages, nurseries, old people's homes. All are overcrowded and the Sisters greatly overworked. But, as their patron, the Little Poor Man of Assisi, did long ago, they go out looking for the poor and the afflicted. Like him, they do not talk about their good works.

Flights of Fancy

The kind of a doctor who diagnoses your ailment by feeling your pulse.—

Walter Winchell.

A nickel isn't supposed to be as good as a dollar but it goes to church more often.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

A tiptoeing kind of voice.—*Jean Potts.*

Fluffy white clouds snowballing the skyscrapers.—*Walter Menges.*

Staccato gossip machine-gunning the neighborhood.—*Walter Menges.*

The sea keeps receding with little curtsies.—*Franz Werfel.*

He thinks by infection, catching an opinion like a cold.—*John Ruskin.*

A log in the fire was singing to itself, as if the sound of summer rustlings and chirpings had been stored away in its sap.—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

(Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.)

Death in the Snow

By AUSTIN B. DIGNAM

Condensed from the *Catholic Transcript*

IN THE novel *The Power and the Glory* (originally published a few years ago as *The Labyrinthine Ways*), Graham Greene, shows how the Church in the face of the direst human opposition carries on the work of saving souls. Yesterday, it was the persecution of the Church in Mexico; today it is Soviet Russia trying to wipe out all vestiges of Catholicism in Yugoslavia, Poland, and other countries. Tomorrow the same story may be re-enacted here.

The priests, nuns, and lay people who stand bravely up against a stone wall looking into the black barrel of a musket or blinking at the flashing glint of a steel bayonet are not converted, as a rule, into heroes overnight. What appears to casual eyes as dramatic is to them almost prosaic and routine. You see, they have trained themselves to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. In other words, they perform their daily duties to the best of their ability with a Christ-like motive to leaven the whole.

It is true that many persons are actuated by purely natural and human motives. They possess a high sense of honor which is entirely praiseworthy as far as it goes. After a railroad accident a few years ago in which the engineer was killed because he refused

to jump and endanger the lives of many passengers, an editorial pointed out that the heroic stuff of which this man was made was not built up in a day or a month. It was the accumulation of long years of service to an ideal of doing little things faithfully.

As far as Christians are concerned, it would be a mistake to imagine that heroes and heroines are restricted solely to those who shed blood for Christ. There are also those who go down into the valley of bloodless death doing good for their fellow man.

Such a one was Father John, beloved pastor of a small Connecticut village. He would be the first to disclaim the title of martyr to duty. He could have sent for a brother-priest to go on that sick call. From a purely human standpoint one might say that he should have. He was not well. Afflicted with a heart ailment, he must have known, before starting out, that plodding through snowdrifts and bucking a strong wind would not be helpful. But he went perhaps because he sensed danger in delay, although as a matter of fact it did not work out that way. In any event, Father John, like most other shepherds of the flock, placed his parishioner's welfare above physical comfort and convenience.

When the telephone tinkled in my

*785 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn. Aug. 8, 1946.

rectory about 10 o'clock that night I was preparing to retire. Dr. O'Brien was on the other end. He wanted me to come to his village as soon as possible. Father John, his pastor, had been found dead in front of the very house he was about to enter on his sick call. Snowdrifts and the northeaster had been too much for him. Why hadn't he used his car or why hadn't the doctor gone after him? For the simple reason that his garage door was blocked with snow and the doctor was away on another emergency case.

My car likewise was stalled. So the doctor kindly offered to come after me. Quickly gathering up my ritual, stole, and holy oils, I hurried to the street. It was a cold, blustering night and it seemed strange to see so much snow in November. The few cars I saw were barely crawling.

A few moments later we were at the scene of the tragic happening. As the doctor and I thumped our way to the house he pointed where, a short time before, a stranger had discovered Father John. We opened the door upon a group in the kitchen glancing timidly toward the living room. There we saw the form of Father John at full length on a couch. His face was so calm and peaceful that he must have died without a struggle. I promptly administered conditional absolution, Extreme Unction, and the last blessing. A moment later I met the sick parishioner Father John had come to attend.

After hearing the aged man's confession and giving him Extreme Unc-

tion and the last blessing, it occurred to me that I had left home without the Blessed Sacrament. Then I thought of Father John and it dawned on me that I might find the Blessed Sacrament on his body. However, when I opened the door there was no sign of the remains. The undertaker had taken Father to his establishment. Strangely enough, the sick man, although fully conscious, never became aware of anything unusual. Once more my doctor friend came to the rescue. At the undertaking establishment I carefully removed the Blessed Sacrament from Father John's inside pocket. It was an unusual, touching experience. The work of the priesthood must go forward. The incident reminded me of the priest who died clad in the black vestments in which he was celebrating Mass. Another priest removed the vestments and finished the Mass of Requiem. A few moments later the old man had received his divine Lord from me in the form of Holy Viaticum.

Thus with the help of God and the doctor I finished the work I gladly would have done in the first place had my dear confrere summoned me. Undoubtedly he saw things in a different light. He envisioned the difficulties in my path, the snow, the icy roads, the cold night. Perhaps, too, he was fearful of delay. So he died, as one who knew him well would have expected, with his boots on, a martyr to duty. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Unifier of men

Sympathy

By

JOSEPH B. McALLISTER

Condensed from the *Catholic University Bulletin*

SYMPATHY is really a fine art. It is more than just a kindly disposition and friendly gesture. It is, as Gelett Burgess has said, the miracle of exchanging places, of putting something of yourself and your own real feelings into your relations with other people. Through a very unfortunate misuse of the noble word, it too often evokes a picture of the funeral parlor and is confounded with pity. A note of sympathy usually means a note of condolence. Why? Because, I am afraid, people have forgotten how to be sympathetic and remember only how to be compassionate.

Most people try to be sympathetic when misfortunes befall their friends. To be truly sympathetic means to look at those things and to feel them with the afflicted persons. I saw an instance of this one night, when a father heard that his 18-year-old daughter was dead. The shock of the totally unexpected news was terrible, and the man sank into a chair. An old friend leaned over him, "I know, John," he said, "it is all

wrong, all wrong." Both men were devout believers in God. Neither would have thought seriously of questioning the ways of divine providence. But the friend felt with the father's spontaneous reaction. At the moment it did seem all wrong, that a beautiful girl, in the full bloom of early youth, should be snatched away without warning. The older man's perception showed how he felt with his friend.

To see friends in trouble almost automatically evokes some gesture of sympathy. But it is not nearly so automatic when there is cause for rejoicing. Ask yourself how often you have phoned or written a note when you heard good news. Social usage demands it at times. But outside of births and engagements and marriages and graduations, do you often think of feeling with the happiness of your friends? They get a promotion. They find a new and better job. At last, after years of saving and planning, they move into their own home. Some honor comes to them or to their children. A son or daughter returns from the service. Because it is good news, it fails to stimulate you in the same way to be sympathetic, to feel happy with your friends. Sympathy lessens sorrow; but it just as truly adds to life's happiness.

I have called sympathy an art. It demands intelligence and imagination. A young woman's husband accidentally lost his sight. His blindness was a terrible blow to them both. In order to understand and feel with her husband in his darkened world, she spent

*Brookland Station, Washington, D.C. July, 1946.

part of each day blindfolded. As a result, her husband was mystified at the way she understood him, at the way she anticipated his problems and saved him from annoyance. Her ingeniously applied sympathy did not wipe out the tragedy; it did make it more bearable.

You can see that this type of sympathy involves more than buying a card or sending a box of candy or flowers or a book. Before Thanksgiving day, William L. Stidger, in thinking over what he had to be thankful for, recalled the people who had been kind to him. With a shock he realized that although he was truly grateful, he had never shown his appreciation. So he devoted November to writing notes of thanks to old benefactors. Of the 50 letters he sent the first year, he got replies to all but two. Those were returned with the notation that the addressees had died.

You might like to hear one of the replies. It came from Stidger's old schoolteacher, Mrs. Wendt, who had awakened his literary interests and developed his talent for writing 30 years before. To her former student she wrote: "Dear Willie: I can't tell you how much your note meant to me. I am in my 80's, living here alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely and like the last leaf of fall lingering behind. You will be interested to know that I taught school for 50 years and yours is the first note of appreciation I ever received. It came on a blue, cold morning and it cheered me as nothing has in many years." You may put down Stidger's story as

bearing more on gratitude than on sympathy. Perhaps it does. Still I think it has a place here. Does it not show what true sympathy, properly expressed, can do?

Then there is Jim Tully's account of what his sister Virginia's sympathy meant to him. Left motherless at five, he traveled a hard road. In turn he was a vagabond, circus roustabout, prize fighter, barely escaped being a criminal, tried his hand at reporting and tree surgery. In all his anguished wanderings his sister Virginia felt with him and kept telling him: "You told me I could bet on you when Tom (their brother) died. My money's still up, Jim, I'll not take it down." She bought the typewriter on which they wrote Jim's first successful book.

Why are not people more sympathetic? They certainly have every reason for sharing in one another's sorrows and joys. We cannot escape living in society. By nature we are as social as we are human. Human companionship in some form or other is as necessary as air or water. And from this need comes our obligation to contribute what we can to make life more bearable for one another. A great philosopher and saint remarked that it is asking too much of human nature to expect a man to spend a single day with a sad, joyless person. By a certain natural justice we are obliged to live pleasantly with our fellow man. It is morally wrong, St. Thomas Aquinas declared, for men to be unreasonable burdens to their fellows by causing them no happiness and showing only

disapproval of whatever their friends do. Such persons—and here we can echo the words of the ancient Greek philosopher, Aristotle—deserve to be called vicious, boorish, and rude.

People are probably more sympathetic in feeling than they are in showing it. They fail to carry their kindly thoughts into action. That is unfortunate, not merely because of the happiness which the person and his fellow man lose, but because of the character deterioration which noble but inoperative emotions can cause. No matter how good your sentiments may be, if you neglect to take advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, your character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions hell is proverbially paved. When you allow a resolution or a fine flow of feeling to evaporate without producing any practical fruit, it is worse than a lost opportunity. It is a positive hindrance to future emotions and resolutions taking their normal path of discharge. The weeping of the lady over her favorite actor while her servant suffers from the cold outside is the sort of thing that happens everywhere on a less glaring scale.

But why do people fail to give expression to their feelings of sympathy? One obvious and too universal reason is laziness. We just submit to the law of inertia and let the body at rest, rest. The effort of the note, phone call, visit, or a bit of shopping is just too much. Our feelings are noble and we may even speak of what we should do and go so far as to say we will do it—to-

morrow. But tomorrows have a curious way of never coming. You all know the treachery of this reaction: "Oh, Harry deserves a nice long letter. It will do him so much good. But I haven't the time now." Or "I'm not in the mood now. I'll wait until I am." The upshot is that no letter, long or short, gets written.

Pride, jealousy, envy, suspicion, can be grouped together as shackles to sympathetic action. I think they account for the fact that we more readily feel with the misfortune and sorrow than with the happiness and success of our friends. By some perversity of human nature we often cannot rejoice about our friends' happiness. We react as though their success, good fortune, prosperity or honor were at our expense.

Then there is bigotry, blind, prejudiced, unreasonable, tenaciously held and unexamined convictions which can blight a man's whole life. Bigotry of race, of religion, of profession, class and national bigotry, singly or collectively, will cut people off from one another. They parcel out existence. They build up walls of hate. Probably nothing so narrows down a life to almost inhuman proportions.

As an obstacle to sympathy, bigotry cannot be overrated. When it concerns individual persons we rather call it prejudice, but the results are the same. Sensible men, men of good will and intelligence, agree about the evils of bigotry. But the sad fact is that it exists. Bigotry separates the working from the wealthy classes; bigotry exists among

peoples because they belong to different countries or religions. Bigotries draw men apart or join them only in the bloody embrace of war. Bigotry today divides our own people on the basis of the accident of color. When will men listen to Eugene O'Neil's Jim, in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*? "You with your fool talk of the black race and the white race! Where does the human race get a chance to come in? I suppose that's simply for you. You lock it up in asylums and throw away the key."

One clear, indisputable fact about the human race is that there is only one human race. Because men are human they are brothers, and the ties of brotherhood cannot be disregarded without violating nature. Men of various professions and racial and religious groups can be bound by strong feelings of unity without hating and despising and persecuting other groups of men. Among all men there should be unity resulting in helpfulness. And as bigotry is most truly the greatest enemy of sympathy, so sympathy is the most

potent weapon against bigotry.

While he was President, Lincoln once dropped a few kind words about the Confederates. A woman questioned how he could speak kindly of his enemies when he should rather destroy them. "What, Madam," the President retorted, "do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?"

The first step toward uniting people, whether it be the people you daily work with, or whether it be larger social, religious, economic, political or national groups, is to come to know them. The second step is to be sympathetic with them. Knowledge and sympathy go hand in hand, each a worthy ally of the other. And each, for the most part, ineffective without the other.

Sympathy pays big dividends. It enriches your life by making you a sharer in many lives. It adds to your happiness since it brings the joy of adding to the happiness of others. It broadens your outlook because it widens and deepens your insight into human nature.

Dressed to Kill

Then there are other games, wild enough, as I could show you if I had time.

There's playing at literature, and playing at art—very different both, from working at literature, or working at art, but I've no time to speak of these. I pass to the greatest of all—the play of plays, the great gentleman's game, which ladies like them best to play at—the game of war. It is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination; we dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport; and go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colors; of course we could fight better in gray, and without feathers; but all nations have agreed that it is good to be well dressed at this play.

From *The Crown of Wild Olive* by John Ruskin.

The Law of the Land

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from the *Lamp**

55 famous framers

THE Constitutional Convention, which sat from May 25 to Sept. 17, 1787, was the most brilliant assembly of skilled statesmen and political scientists that could be gathered in that day by any nation. From the 81-year-old Franklin down to the 26-year-old Dayton, the 55 men assembled represented a most brilliant balance. There were 25 college men present. Eighteen had been officers in the Continental army, several having held the rank of general. Thirty-four were lawyers or had studied law; several had been trained at the Middle Temple in London. Six were destined to become state attorneys general; five, chief justices of state supreme courts; one, chief justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. They were not crossroads lawyers, by any means. Three of the deputies were physicians, two were former clergymen. Several college professors were there, one present and one future college president. The rest were men of broad public experience.

Forty-six had been members of colonial assemblies or state legislatures under the Articles of Confederation. Ten had had experience in state constitutional conventions. Sixteen were future governors. Forty-two had sat in

the Continental Congress. Eight were signers of the Declaration of Independence and six had helped draft the Articles of Confederation. Fourteen were to become members of the House under the new Constitution and 19 were to become senators. Four were to be cabinet officers; one had served as a minister abroad, six were future ministers. Two future Presidents sat among them, one future Vice-President. Two others were to be candidates for the presidency.

In the president's chair, chosen by unanimous consent of the convention, sat George Washington. Every American who has read his Farewell Address is well aware of his profound grasp of political science. While Franklin's age and state of health limited his activities somewhat, his sage counsel was priceless. Pennsylvania's James Wilson and Virginia's James Madison formed a team of constitutional authorities which could not be surpassed in that day. Pennsylvania's Gouverneur Morris, brilliant debater and master of words, was present to see that the Constitution was put in language the meaning of which should be above misunderstanding. Space does not permit detailed mention of New York's

*102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. August, 1946.

Alexander Hamilton, of Massachusetts' Rufus King, of Maryland's Daniel Carroll, of South Carolina's Charles Pinckney and John Rutledge, of North Carolina's William Blount, and the others present, each of whom contributed his full share to the proceedings.

Contrary to the opinion held by many, the Constitution's framers were not pioneering with new and untried principles of justice. They knowingly drew liberally from the experiences of 17 centuries of Christian morality as applied to man's social behavior. God-fearing men, they instinctively realized that true democracy and its guiding principles were born in the cave of Bethlehem. Building upon the Christian concept of the dignity of man and his natural rights and responsibilities, they struck off an instrument which should not last merely during the childhood of a young republic, but which would, as one commentator on the Constitution has said, "endure through a long lapse of ages, the events of which were locked up in the inscrutable purpose of providence." So sure were their strokes as they wrote, that our basic law has required amendment only 21 times in its more than 150 years of existence. Of the amendments, it was the Convention's intention to include at least 11 in the body of the Constitution. They refrained at that time, fearing that their inclusion might work to the rejection of the Constitution as a whole during the rocky road to ratification. Ten of those amendments, the Bill of Rights, were adopted almost immediately after the Constitution had

been ratified by the states. Of the remainder, the 21st amendment cancelled out the 18th, which a majority opinion decided had been an unwise law.

The Constitution's framers built our nation's basic law upon the Christian teaching that, although the authority of civil government comes from God, the right to designate the form of that authority and those who shall administer it lies with the people as their gift from God. This teaching was not at all new in 1787. St. Augustine had applied this Christian concept in a practical way in his treatise *On the City of God*, when he stated that "the power of ruling the community belongs to the entire people or to the public official who acts in their name." Thus St. Augustine not only expressed the democratic principle that the people should rule, but also expressed the legitimacy of representative government. The 8th and the 9th centuries had produced a wealth of philosophy on the moral aspects of government; for the many Christian philosophers of that time seemed to vie with one another in both quantity and quality of treatises on how Christian morality and the tenets of natural justice could be best applied to the civil order. Later, St. Thomas Aquinas had definitely established the position of democracy in the civil order when he declared that "properly, law is first and foremost an ordinance for the common good, and the right to ordain anything for the common good belongs either to the whole multitude, or to someone

who acts in place of the whole multitude." During the 16th and 17th centuries, when discussions on political philosophy raged on every hand, the Christian moral position was clearly stated by the Christian writers of the day. Father Suarez, the noted Spanish philosopher, summed up precisely the Christian attitude on the origin of civil power when he said that "civil power comes from the people, either proximately or remotely, nor can it be otherwise if the power is to be just." These Christian principles were held later by British progressives like Burke, Hooker, Chatham, and Pitt, and formed the basis of the ideals of Washington, Madison, Marshall, and James Wilson.

Although our basic law has been subjected to much criticism at home in the past few years, the record shows that its critics were not aiming to increase the powers of the people, but rather to limit them in favor of gov-

ernment by a few. At the same time, the record also shows that in the last 30 years those nations who have set up free governments have patterned their basic laws upon our Constitution. The Filipino Constitution is a direct adaptation of ours, with very few changes. The Constitutions of the ill-fated democracies of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were first cousins of the instrument written by our Founding Fathers in 1787. Czechoslovakia, Poland, and other nations which came out of the 1st World War used its basic principles in writing their own basic laws. Finally, we Americans have found it so fundamentally correct that although there have been more than 3,200 proposals to change it by amendment, only 11 have been found necessary after the Bill of Rights was added. A basic law which needs to be amended or added to only 11 times in 150 years, in a nation which has grown as rapidly as ours, is a law based on fundamental truths.

Whispering

Msgr. Joseph Boland, at present a pastor in Buffalo, was for a number of years chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board. He was always able to introduce an atmosphere of calmness into the most bitter labor discussion.

A truculent labor organizer tells this story, as recorded in the *Labor Leader*: "Dere we wuz, at long last, in de Labor Board's meeting room. Wuz I boined up, wuz I? Wid de guys all dere, I thot, dis is de time for de pay-off. Boy! Had I de woids on me lips. So I started loud! You shouda hoid me. After a few woids, dis here Fader Boland whispers to me a question. I answer him fast. He whispers anuder question. Again I swing in. Anuder guy asks me a question—tough-like. I wuz boined up, but Fader Boland, he outs with the answer—whispering. Then I chimes in and so help me foist thing I knew I wuz whispering too, foist thing I know everybody in de whole room, we wuz all whispering and shaking hands. Dat's Fader Boland, wot a man."

The Monitor (20 July '46).

Legion of DECENCY UNDER FIRE

By JOHN J. RYAN

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

WILL HAYS, during his last year as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America promised that "no postwar trend of laxity or license, falsely condoning itself in the good name of liberty, will weaken or overcome our determination to keep the screen a free medium by keeping it an honest and respectable one." Last year Eric Johnson took over the Hays Office. Since then, despite all assurances, there are two definite trends becoming apparent in connection with motion pictures. The first is the despicable practice of buying motion-picture rights to immoral best-seller books, making films from them, and by implication and various devices circumventing the spirit of the industry's self-imposed Code. Something new is being added all right, and it is not a little rotten.

The Code is a lengthy, legal document, formed in March, 1930, imposing regulations upon the type of screen fare that can be served.

The sections of the Code are similar to this typical one: "Scenes of passion must be treated with an honest acknowledgment of human nature and its normal reactions. Many

scenes cannot be presented without arousing dangerous emotions on the part of the immature, the young or the criminal classes."

The Motion Picture Code was written and subscribed to voluntarily by the industry at the insistence of public officials, churches, civic groups and others who were clamoring for federal, state or municipal censorship of the movies. As it stood in 1930, the Code was little more than a pacifier, and no one in the industry paid any attention to it. The public soon became dissatisfied and once more beat at the doors of Hollywood with the threat of federal censorship.

The result was the organization known as the MPPDA and a board of film reviewers headed by Joseph I. Breen, a Catholic, with full authority to impose stiff fines, or hold up picture releases, for non-compliance with the Code. Disregard of the Code became rare once Breen showed that he meant to enforce regulations.

That is the organization Eric Johnson inherited. It is not the Legion of Decency. It is a Hollywood corporation paid for by the industry (the president's salary alone,



*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio, August, 1946.

is \$3,000 a week) and maintained as a buffer against legal control of any kind. Its appearance has all the earmarks of a public trust, yet its laxness is becoming more and more obvious to the theatergoer. The screen is now filled with pictures whose insinuations and situations can be interpreted in no other way than grossly suggestive and improper.

This condition in itself is a matter of concern to all who appreciate the popularity of the movies among all classes. Weekly attendances at the movies is 90 million. That is 80% of the national population. This, of course, proves beyond argument that the movies reach just about every class, level, group and type.

The sudden blindness by MPPDA is all the more strange and relative when one considers point number two: the insistence by a large group of Americans individually and through certain magazines, the *American Mercury* is one, that the Legion of Decency be abolished and stripped of any power it now has, or at least restricted in its influence.

Although the Legion of Decency, formed in 1933, was the great factor which forced the industry into accepting the Breen office and the veto plan on picture releases, it is not a part of the MPPDA. The Legion of Decency was born of a great necessity in order that, as Pope Pius XI said in an encyclical, we would be able to "insist with justice" that the motion-picture industry accept its responsibility.

Those who are forcing the issue of

abolishing the Legion seem to realize that such action, coupled with the dereliction of duty by the MPPDA, would leave movies free from any controlling force whatever. The arguments of the abolitionists are twofold: (1) Controls of the picture industry encourage fairy-tale plots in which virtue is materially rewarded and its opposite punished. The implication of such Pollyanna stories is contradictory to religious teaching. All pictures under present regulations are forbidden to portray crime, sin or wickedness without showing it punished proportionately. The Code hampers filmdom from using many good stories, classical and otherwise, and is prejudicial to the presentation of adult entertainment. (2) Most poor pictures are so only because of the limitations of the Code; moreover, the Legion is the voice of a minority, the Roman Catholics.

The first point is true in one respect: there is no argument as to whether or not virtue is always its own reward, materially; we know that is not always true, as we realize that final reward comes in our next life. However, let us recall what films were like before the Code came in, when life was presented, presumably, as it really was, that is, "in the raw."

For example, the gangster cycle was blamed by police as encouraging gangsterism because young hoodlums mimicked the screen toughs. Another example was the screen version of "having a good time," which always resulted in a montage of drinking and night clubbing. Again young people

were encouraged to emulate the screen heroes and heroines. Let us not forget that people of all classes and mentality take the screen literally and many believe naïvely and implicitly what they see.

Taken in a larger sense, in some types of plot the screen has had to show whether crime did or did not pay. They implied in most instances in the pre-Legion days that it did. This was not intellectually honest because statistics show definitely that crime does not pay.

Take a screen story showing a dishonest bank clerk embezzling funds. He lives high without ever being caught, later repents spiritually and gets the beautiful girl. The implication is that all bank clerks can embezzle, have a fine old time, merely say "I'm sorry" and live happily ever after with Ingrid Bergman. We can see how nonsensical that is; approximately 99% of the bank clerks would wind up in state prison. Yet the abolitionists rant about being restricted from that one improbable tale and ignore the other 99 variations and possibilities. This can't be blamed on the Code or on the Legion.

The moral limitation of the Code is applied only in plots which contain an actual conflict of moral issues. Few pictures contain such moral conflict. If all films had to prove as part of their basic plot that either virtue or vice triumphs, what dull screen fare we would be served up! Our only interest in pictures would be the sporting one, "Who wins at the Bijou this week, the sinner or the saint?"

Actually the Legion has been one of Hollywood's greatest salesmen. In its enthusiastic free advertising and promotion for decent pictures, it has sent box-office sales soaring. It forced the industry to search around for different stories and the result was a cycle of fine pictures like the lives of Pasteur, Curie, Edison, Bell, and the various historical pictures, all money-makers. Musicals reached a higher plane and we were given *The Great Waltz*, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *The Mikado*, *Fantasia*. The Legion pushed Hollywood into its most lucrative market and proved its contention that if you give the audiences decent films they will jam the theaters.

Recently Will Hays proved this point when he stated, "Art and prudence in motion pictures do not necessarily conflict. Morality in entertainment is quite compatible with its enjoyment and its best services; there can no longer be any question that morally sound pictures are good entertainment and good box office."

Still the Legion and the MPPDA are considered censors and as such are abhorrent to many who confuse liberty with license. True, the Legion has no power to alter a single line in a film; it merely suggests, reviews and grades. However, the abolitionists point out that the movie makers have been singled out unfairly because there is no similar code for the theater, books, or magazines.

The reason for this situation rests with the difference in problems of selection, influence and control. We

know that audiences made up solely of intelligent adults could be given stronger stuff on the screen, harmless to mature minds. However, the same film to a teen-age child would be ruinous. Now, you do not have that problem in any other medium. Children rarely go to see a play because of the high admission price and general lack of appeal to children. Plays are strictly adult entertainment and even though some of today's plays lean toward the depraved, it is the depraved adult that they reach and not the child.

In the matter of books, parents exercise, or should exercise, some control over the reading matter of their children. Libraries wisely have a children's section and withhold adult cards from youngsters.

The movies are quite different. There is rarely an all-children's program and often week-end programs have a western coupled with an adult film. The children sit through both.

If Hollywood producers were really interested in adult entertainment they could make a distinction and have a fair amount of films aimed and trimmed just for the young. But they do not. They want full reign over the whole family. They want an unrestricted box office where 13 and 30 plank down the same money for the same film. We know there are not two levels of morals regardless of age, but the presentation of moral issues on the screen definitely has various levels of comprehension. Hollywood chooses to ignore this and thus we have need for the Code and for the Legion.

The final point, a very serious one, specifically mentions Roman Catholics, insisting that the Legion is their invention and that they are a minority forcing their opinions upon the majority. The matter of censorship and the degree of film control is a legitimate and stimulating argument. The matter of using it as a cloak to stab at the Church is quite another.

The Legion of Decency, following its inception 13 years ago, became powerful enough to force Hollywood into cleaning up films because it was composed of a majority of moviegoers. This was enough of a majority to make the difference of profit or loss at the box office. If it had really been a minority the film industry would have laughed it off and ignored it completely.

Note this one vital fact: the Legion of Decency was not a Catholic organization. Its effectiveness and its strength came from an amazing inter-sectarian commonness of purpose. It was supported actively by Catholic, Protestant, and Jew working side by side. All those who fight the Legion as a Catholic organization had better stop and think, for they antagonize three great religious groups in America.

Will Hays recently made a very significant statement. He said, "There is a resurgence against moral restraints and impatience with the inhibitions of conscience, and this destructive force is being organized."

Fight that attempt with action. Organize and give the Legion a vote of confidence and remember the issues. You'll soon have to face them.

Missa Recitata

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Condensed from *America**

You are GI Joe, one of the members of your parish who served their country in its crisis. Sunday after Sunday, since your return, you have been hearing the murmur of the children in the lower church at 9 o'clock. You know it is the *Missa Recitata*, the Recited Mass, for you have heard your own little Mary practice it at home; but finally you decide to go to that Mass yourself, just to see what goes on. You slip into a pew with Mary, and await the beginning of Mass.

Father Michael, preceded by two acolytes, enters the sanctuary. The youngsters rise as one, with no signal from anyone; the nuns have done their work well. With a rustle of vestments, the priest ascends the altar steps, arranges the chalice veil. In a moment he is again at the foot of the altar. "I will go unto the altar of God." The altar boys reply, "To God who is the joy of my youth."

"To God who is the joy of my youth!" Mass has only begun, and you are already distracted. Here is youth, gathered about the altar of God, who is their joy, among whom He delights to be. You recall the many times you have watched these youngsters on the

school playground, running, leaping like fawns; racing up the ladder to the top of the slide, whizzing down, forward, backward, seated, or on their stomachs; climbing the parallel bars, swinging hand over hand. Rough and tumble, yes, yet so much in the spirit of the liturgy, which has its playful aspect. You call to mind Ezechiel's vision of the flaming Cherubim, who "every one of them went straight forward, whither the impulse of the Spirit was to go . . . and they turned not when they went . . . ran and returned like flashes of lightning." And the Eternal Wisdom: "I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world."

But the priest has already reached the *Confiteor*. He finishes; the children, in unison, confess that they, too, have sinned exceedingly; and they ask blessed Mary and all the saints and Father Michael to pray for them.

The celebrant comes to the *Kyrie*; again the children make the responses. Then the *Gloria*. As the priest recites it, the little men and women at worship take it up. "Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace to men of

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. Aug. 10, 1946.

good will. We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We adore Thee. We glorify Thee. We give Thee thanks. . . . You think of Bethlehem, the angels singing, the shepherds adoring the Child.

"Thou alone art the Lord. Thou alone, O Jesus Christ, art most high, with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father. Amen." Priest and children have finished the *Gloria*.

The Collects are soon said. Priest and people have spoken to God. Now He speaks to the people through the priest and the words of Holy Writ. The Mass of the Catechumens is completed with the Creed, the children, again, professing aloud their faith in God and the Church.

This is the liturgy—corporate worship, people praying together, priest and people, in the official, public, divine service of the Church, for the glory of God and the sanctification of the faithful.

The Mass of the Faithful begins. The pastor greets us, "The Lord be with you," and we reply, "And with Thy spirit." He offers the bread. Ushers pass among the children. Your own youngster nudges you for a coin, offers it triumphantly. But these are not merely pennies, nickels, dimes; they are symbols. The children unite their offering of themselves with the offering of the bread and wine. Back from the ablutions, Father Michael extends his hands: "Pray, brethren." And his little brethren do pray that his sacrifice and theirs may be acceptable: "May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands. . . ."

Silence descends upon the children, hovers over them. At length comes the tinkling of the *Sanctus* bell. The children hail the Lord, reverently, yet with the precious intimacy He Himself invites.

You remember the words of the Psalmist: "Young men and maidens, let the old with the younger praise the name of the Lord; for His name alone is exalted."

The celebrant goes on with the Mass. There is no delay, no haste; the moment is approaching for the greatest, the holiest act given man to perform, commanding the God of Love to be present in person—and He obeys. On through the Canon, with its memento for the living, on through the offering prayer and the invocation. It is like the song of a lark, the bird holding the low notes of his trill as long as he can, prolonging the joy of anticipation, bursting at length into full song. You see the priest pick up the host; he pronounces the words of consecration—slowly, deliberately, uttering every syllable distinctly, "This is My Body;" and then the chalice, saying, "This is the chalice of My Blood."

You raise your eyes, then bow in adoration, losing yourself in the startling stillness. You perceive the sudden impact of the Presence on the altar: Christ crucified, offering Himself to His Father.

You do not always experience this vivid sense of reality, this intimacy with your Saviour, when you go to Mass. But you remember that there have been other times when you did.

For instance, in Normandy, after D-Day....

You had been sitting on a depth bomb in an LST, awaiting the word to disembark. Your LST struck sand, you and your buddies poured out, instinctively crouching, as though that would do any good. There weren't supposed to be any Germans at that beach—but there were. With a fleet behind you such as had never been seen before, you bucked the waves. Shore batteries belched thunder and lightning and steel in your direction; your own guns spewed steel and fire over your head. Every now and then a landing craft would blow up with a roar. A buddy beside you reeled and fell, pinned to the surf by his heavy pack. Dead bodies floated in foam and oil and blood.

But you got through the wreckage in the water and on the beach, through the baggage, bedding, crippled tanks, broken trucks and dead bodies; between the whining bullets from snipers and small arms and machine guns, and bombs from above. Over the clamor you could hear the never-ending cry for medic and padre. Inch by inch you wormed your way inland, and by H-Hour plus 64 hours you had secured the beachhead.

It was ten days before you could get to Mass. You were with your company in the hedgerows, your ears pounding, your eyes bleary, for you had been on the alert the last 48 hours, under fire of snipers and patrols and mortars. Warm food was a memory. You were wet, weary, bearded and dirty. Then, at dawn on Sunday, you

were relieved until the next night. The new men reminded you it was Sunday, that Mass would be said in an old barn two miles away.

Through the mud and rain you slogged. You found Father Fabian at the barn, a cowbarn, only a sprint from the German lines. A cider cask served as the altar. Father Fabian came to the *Gloria*—"Glory to God in the highest." How like Bethlehem, you thought; again Christ uses a stable as portal to the world. You heard the angels praising the Child; you felt them pressing about you.

You remember Masses you offered back home, and you are aware, when consecration-time comes, that it isn't Father Fabian up there at the cider-cask altar, and it isn't Father Michael back there in your parish church with its marble altar tinted with soft rays strained through jeweled windows; it is Christ Himself standing there before you and offering Himself to His Father.

You feel a tug at your sleeve; you are about to grab for your knife (too late for your rifle)—and you see it is Mary plucking at your arm. You pass your hand over your eyes, as Mary whispers, "It's time to go up for Communion, Dad." You didn't even hear the children recite the *Agnus Dei*. Now, they have begun the *Confiteor*.

Back from Communion, you adore the God you have given sanctuary beneath your heart. Your soul tries to embrace the Divine, and It embraces yours. And you ask Him to move men's hearts, that never again may in-

nocent children be made to suffer the horrors of war, the physical, mental and moral hell of war.

Father Michael is at the middle of

the altar. "Go," he says, "Mass is ended." And the children, for the unspeakable privilege that has been theirs, reply, "Thanks be to God."

And the first O'Halloran

By R. CALDWELL

THE SALT CHURCH

Condensed from the *Precious Blood Messenger**



ST. ANTHONY'S chapel in the salt mines at Wieliczka, Poland, is surely the only church made entirely of salt. It was built in the 17th century and formerly used for daily Masses for the miners. Everything is made of salt, except the *prie-dieu*, even the altar with columns, a crucifix and statues of St. Anthony and other saints. Along the right wall of the church little houses and trees have been set up with a village in the distance; opposite is a pulpit likewise cut into the solid wall of salt. The salt there is particularly iridescent and glimmers with a beautiful greenish sheen when illuminated.

Through many subterranean passages and down innumerable steps, sight-seers are guided to a lake in the so-called "Prince Rudolf Grotto." This is lit by many colored lights that reflect in the lake's mysterious depths. There

are several such lakes in the mines, which are kept at constant levels by pumping. There is another grotto close at hand, and then the "railway station." In prewar days refreshments were served there to music.

Dances, excursions and picnics used to enliven the depths of this unique mine. But there were so many accidents that the authorities had to forbid them, though tourists with a proper guide were still permitted.

Elevators descend into the mine, although anyone may walk down the 391 steps. Another shaft has only stairs leading to the first floor, called the "horizon." Of the seven shafts, only three are open to the public. The elevator, or "cage," as the miners call it, stops about 200 feet below ground. Then exploration really begins.

First comes a large chamber at the

**Catholics, Ohio, August, 1946.*

end of a long, dark passage. It was discovered in 1760, and in 1809 when the Russians occupied Poland (how familiar that sounds) General Suwarov used it as a ballroom and gave dances there. Since then, it has been used for that purpose. Wooden bandstands for musicians are set into two sides of the walls. Chandeliers of crystal-clear salt illuminate the floor.

Leaving the ballroom the road dips gradually through dark, damp passages lined with boards. Tracks run here for cars laden with great blocks of salt. A couple of huge salt pyramids have been erected with Latin inscriptions commemorating a visit by some Emperor of Austria and his wife long ago. A wooden spiral staircase and steps cut out of salt lead on down.

The immense vault at the foot is amazing. For 50 years during the last century, salt was mined here in enormous quantities. The ceiling, 96 feet high, is securely braced, and lit by chandeliers. Fireworks used to be set off here—to illuminate the glittering walls. Miners were drawn up from the bottom of a deep shaft through this great vault by means of a wooden car on cables while they waved torches and chanted mournful songs—in such surroundings very effective.

Along the passages and grottoes are bas-reliefs cut of salt. The underground corridors extend more than 78 miles. Eighteen hundred men are constantly employed there. The men work as their fathers did, for they have been miners for generations, and know every foot of this terrifying world.

As generation after generation worked on medieval cathedrals, so the occupation of miner passed from father to son among the Poles. And they have worked not only at mining, but at beautifying their mine with marvelous carvings, bas-reliefs and pillars. Very interesting is the museum of primitive tools used in early days.

According to one charming legend, the mine was discovered by the pious Queen Kunigunde, the daughter of a King of Hungary, married to the King of Poland. It distressed her greatly to find no salt in her new home, and she prayed daily that this might be remedied. One day she dropped her wedding ring into a deep well. Men let down to recover it found the water salty and great chunks of salt lying at the bottom. The deeper they went the more salt they found.

Nobody really knows how old the mine is; for it is also said to have been found by a shepherd named Wielicz in 1260, approximately at the same time as the Bochnia mine some miles away. They were probably connected at one time by subterranean passages which are now caved in. Some records state that the mine was known and worked in the 10th century.

It is probably an immense deposit of sea salt. Petrified sea creatures and plants have been found. In 1868, a terrific disaster was caused by intruding water, and it was doubted whether the mine could ever be worked again. But it was pumped out and continued to produce salt.

The chief kinds of salt are: gray-

green salt; the so-called Spiza; and the purest of all, "shaft salt." Crystal salt is present in small quantities only. It is used to make souvenirs and ornaments, like crucifixes, models of St. Anthony's chapel, small bowls. Made from a water-clear transparent substance, such articles are very decorative. However, they attract moisture and must be kept in a closed, dry place or they become cloudy and dull.

Table salt is marketed in pieces or ground, and mills for that purpose are located near the mine. Ground salt does not look so white but it has a stronger salty taste. The mines produce 100,000 tons of salt daily.

The Wieliczka mines are near the ruins of beautiful Cracow, in a valley surrounded on three sides by hills, bounded on the west by the Vistula plain. Approach is through a beautiful park. The mines are owned by the state.

Salt has always been of prime importance. It has been one of the most important factors in the evolution of the human race, for man has always recognized salt as a flavoring in food and its effect on well-being. Many ancient proverbs illustrate this.

Bread and salt are named together, but never meat and salt, because the exclusive meat diet, or meat and milk, of primitive man did not require salt. When he began eating vegetables and bread and made pots to cook them in, he also required salt.

Pagan Romans knew salt to be indispensable. Plutarch called it the "spice of all spices." Pliny said it was

impossible to be civilized without salt. Those who knew salt and used it could not imagine races who had never heard of it. Homer in the *Odyssey* said: "Wander until you come to peoples who never knew the sea and ne'er flavored their food with salt."

In Roman times a saltcellar was fashioned of silver, or even gold, and was a sort of shrine. In medieval times it marked social distinctions—"below the salt" sat the servants. Saltcellars were highly prized and often given as wedding presents. In Bavaria the lady of the house had her own individual saltcellar as special mark of dignity.

Salt has had a part in folklore and religion. Witches' assemblies never used salt, and it was said to be lacking in the devil's kitchen. A bit of salt strewn over an unbaptized infant kept evil spirits away. Although salt was used as a bond of friendship, spilling it meant quarrels. Italians, on the other hand, if they spill wine, quickly dust salt over the spot, saying *allegrezza* (joy).

Jews and pagans attached a ritual importance to salt, as did the early Christians, who used it in converting heathens. Christ said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt was used in Christian Baptism from early times, as today when the infant receives a grain of salt with the words, "Receive the salt of wisdom for eternal life." According to one legend, he who spills salt must weep as many tears as the grains spilled, or must wait before the gate of heaven as many years.

Estonians used to strew salt in the

tracks of wolves to keep them from farms. In other countries, blessed salt was added to the seed sown to assure a bountiful harvest. Children today are told, "If you want to catch a bird, strew salt on its tail." That, as well as the customs of scattering salt in a wolf's track, is a survival of pagan lore, which saw in beast and bird humans bewitched by a spell.

Celts were the first Europeans to obtain salt by boiling sea water. Salt was *hal*, and those who made a business of boiling and evaporating the salt were

named Halloran in reference to their occupation. This is still a good Irish name.

Governments looked to salt for valuable revenue. In the Middle Ages and later, salt production was the exclusive privilege of the state. The right to boil or scrape salt was leased to individuals supervised by so-called "salt barons," who safeguarded the interests of the sovereign. Workers in salt mines and other salt-producing industries received part of their pay in salt; hence the word *salaire*, salary.



Influence

Perhaps this is a good place to relate a story which we were told by a good friend who is a member of that remarkable and quite unprejudiced organization, Alcoholics Anonymous.

"I was a wild kid," he said, "and my father couldn't do much with me. In fact, he got so fed up with me that he sent me to a strict and stern uncle in Whitman, Mass., where he hoped I might be properly disciplined. My uncle tried his best. But, though he was a good man in his own way, prominent in the town and a pillar of his church, he was unable to reform me. Among other things, he objected to my companions. He called me into his study one day and laid down the law about them. 'He is not at all in your social sphere,' said my uncle, 'He is a mere grocer's son. Worst of all, my dear boy, he is a Catholic.'"

"My uncle was honest and sincere enough in his prejudice," said my friend thoughtfully, "and, to say the truth, I don't think he influenced my career much one way or the other. I went on under my own power to become a drunken bum who has finally salvaged his life by means of the A. A. Still I often wonder if it might not have made a good deal of difference if my uncle had been broad-minded and foresighted enough to advise me to follow in the footsteps of that grocer's son, Francis J. Spellman, the present Cardinal Archbishop of New York."

The *Southern Cross* quoted in the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes* (Aug. '46).

Under Christ and Mohammed

Women I Have Seen

By

THOMAS F. TROY

Condensed from the *Missionary*

I REMEMBER standing in the main street of an island town in the Persian Gulf and feeling a slight tug at my elbow. Turning, I saw a woman, completely swathed in dirty black clothes, with a thin black veil covering her face, and her hands black with dirt, bruises, and the human gnarls that spring from toil and neglect. She extended one hand towards me, palm upward, and whisperingly beseeched, "*Bakhsheesh, sahib.*" Not once but twice and thrice, as though her plea were bound to fall on deaf ears, she repeated the word *bakhsheesh* and always in the same whining, despairing tone that so many of us GIs had concluded was the only mood known to Arab women. I gave her a few coins and turned back to the store window at which I had been glancing before she approached.

One minute later there was another tug at the same elbow, and again I turned. It was the same woman. She was exceedingly poor; desperation, not deceit, had induced her to try me again. She was not alone in the street. Because there were so many women

like herself, so completely swathed in black, so subdued and so impoverished and all begging, she was able to approach the same person several times with a reasonable chance of remaining unrecognized.

A strange thought, a sacrilegious thought some pious people might call it, then busied my mind. I looked at the women in this narrow, unpaved street in Manama, capital of Bahrein Island, and immediately thought of the last nuns I had seen.

It was at the Church and Convent of the Immaculate Conception on Sep-tieh Street in Cairo, Egypt. In that marvelous mélange of East and West, of the ancient and the modern, there are numerous Catholic Orders of priests, Brothers and nuns maintaining schools, orphanages and hospitals. To those missionaries in great part is due whatever improvement there has been in the educational, health and living standards of the Arab world in the last century and a half. To them have the Arabs gone for guidance and assistance. The present Queen Ferida of Egypt, though a Moslem, was educated



*411 W. 59th St., New York City, 19, August, 1946.

by the French nuns known as the Ladies of Sion; and her father, Yousseff Zulficar Pasha, a former judge of the International Courts of Egypt, is a product of the Jesuit college in Alexandria.

On Septich Street, some nuns, mostly English and Irish with a few Americans, have a school for girls, Moslems and Jews as well as Catholics. I visited their church one Sunday morning, to attend the 8:30 Mass. After Mass one of the nuns approached me as I was leaving and invited me to have breakfast. The invitation was not completely unexpected, for I had been told by a young British soldier of the nuns and their hospitality.

I sat down with 20 British and Australian soldiers. The nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, were our hostesses; they shared the duties of entertaining. One poured the coffee, another served the fried eggs, another brought the rolls and others went from table to table renewing acquaintances and introducing strangers to one another. All provided conversation, a joke, a friendly inquiry, wholesome laughter. We talked about education in Egypt; we marveled at the length of time many of the nuns had been in the Near East; we aired our complaints about the Army. And we discussed seriously the problem of the missions in the Arab countries, how it was difficult to make converts among the Moslems, how the Moslems had to develop a sense of individual freedom before they would be ready for Catholicism. The nuns were charming hostesses.

Their charm, however, was not of this world. Like a blow on the head, the difference between their charm and that of the fashionable women of the drawing room struck me. In the nuns, charm is born of humility, in the ladies of society it is born of pride; in the former it springs from love of God and man, in the latter from love of self; the nuns aim to serve, the ladies to be served.

Between those Sisters of St. Joseph in their white linen coifs and black habits and the Arab women of Bahrein in their dirty, threadbare black garments there is a sharp, staggering difference in status. The difference might go unnoticed and an opportunity to appreciate in a new light the beauty of the Christian ideal of womanhood might remain unrecognized were it not for the blackness that characterizes their dress. In the Arab women black indicates servitude, in the nun it reveals freedom.

They stand in opposite corners in society, and both profoundly affect society, just as they clearly reflect it. For of the civilization of a people there is no surer test than the status accorded women. Where a woman enjoys full legal rights, where she is the object of a chivalrous devotion, where her soul is respected as destined for God; there is a civilization of a high moral order and noble ideals. Where a woman is degraded, contemned, and denied the natural expression of heart and soul, there is a people physically weak and morally corrupt. Only in Christianity does a woman find the favorable at-

mosphere her being demands; in Islam, the religion of Mohammed, as in other religions, she finds only an unnatural subjection in a male society. In Arab lands I have seen more times than can be recalled the weary wife trudging along behind her husband, who sits nonchalantly upon his donkey.

Early in the history of Islam the religious leaders attacked women as the source of much of the sinfulness in the world; the legend spread that women for the most part were surely going to hell. Moreover, the law of the Koran, the religious book of the Moslems, placed no difficulty in the acknowledgment of illegitimate children, so that there remained no motive inducing men to secure legitimate children in the natural and honorable limits of marriage. So corrupt had men and women become that the few legitimate wives left were jealously guarded by their husbands, thus giving rise to that cesspool of iniquity known as the harem. The lucrative slave trade and the perpetuation of polygamy added to the degradation of women.

Not only has woman in Moslem society been reduced to a position of servitude, but even by the law of the Koran she is relegated to a status of inferiority to men. A man is permitted four lawful wives, any one of whom he may divorce at will simply by the three-fold repetition of the cry, "I divorce thee!" But he is allowed any number of mistresses and concubines. In cases of unfaithfulness, the wife's evidence either in her own defense or against her husband is not admitted while her

husband's invariably is. In this and in other judicial matters it takes the evidence of two women to equal that of one man.

I saw those Moslem women on the island of Bahrein where they hungrily sought scraps of wood for the fires they needed at home; I saw them in Cairo, where they crowded on the trams only to squat on the floor submissively at the feet of fellow passengers. I saw them begging in the streets with disease-ridden, undernourished children in their arms; I saw them sitting on the sidewalks at busy corners while their little children, their eyes coated with flies, played in the filth, the donkey dung, the orange peelings of a Cairo street. Those women in black live in a state of wretchedness, lacking health, dignity and honor.

But wherever I saw a nun in the Near East, whether in the schools and streets of the big cities of Egypt, or in the narrow, twisting alleys of the walled city of Jerusalem, or in the hospitals of old Libya, she was the living embodiment of freedom. She had willingly submitted to discipline that she might become free to know, love, and serve God. She had become free to live her life as happily as her conscience might dictate.

She was the unforgettable reminder of Christianity's gift to women—to all women, married as well as the Religious—the gift of freedom. And in the circumstances and places in which I saw her she stood forth impressively, albeit humbly, as the symbol of freedom in a land of slavery.

Condensed from the *Woman's Journal**

Of the immortals

Salute to St. Teresa

By

KATE O'BRIEN

WHEN THEY TELL me in Avila that I am a saint, I tell them to make another, since it costs them no more than to say so."

The dryly humored woman who said that was one of the most multiple and diversified personalities the human race has produced. She contained every essential of true greatness, and she made use of them all. I think it is fair to claim that St. Teresa is, in herself, the greatest woman in Christian history.

She was born in Avila, Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, in 1515, into the hidalgo or landed gentry class. She was one of a large family, of her father's second marriage. Her mother was beautiful, invalidish and a great reader of novels.

She was a bossy sort of child. She liked to play "monasteries" in the garden with her little brothers, erecting cells and giving out rules. But she always had to be prioress. And everyone knows how she led one small brother off so that they could find the Moors and get martyred. However, an uncle met the wanderers before they had gone a mile.

Teresa's mother died when she was still a child; and in early girlhood she became frivolous and silly. She says she

thinks she was good-looking then, and her biographers say that she always had great charm of face and a curious grace in movement.

Her pious father, who adored her, worried about her conduct, and clapped her into a convent school in Avila. She seems to have been bored there, but she liked some of the nuns, and the sociability and variety of the life. But her health broke and she was sent into the mountains to rest.

While staying with a religious uncle she read the *Fathers of the Church*, and began to ponder on sin and eternal life. She pondered herself into a state of great fear, which ended in her becoming a nun, at the age of 18. She entered the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation in Avila, against her father's passionately expressed wishes.

She was not happy there. The community was relaxed and careless of its rule, at a time when such slackness was taken for granted. But Teresa was a very direct, simple person, and it was a real shock to find that women could vow themselves to a way of life which they made no serious attempt to pursue.

She held to her intention of holiness. She kept her vows, observed the Carmelite rule; and naturally, in a com-

*Fleetway House, Farrington St., London, E.C. 4, March, 1946.

munity of worldlings, became unpopular, and was mocked as a *poseuse*.

She fought her lonely way towards holiness, and watched human nature. Her work and writings were later to reveal that never has it been watched more shrewdly or realistically. She pondered, too, all the European gossip of Luther and his Reformation, of England's secession from the Church, of the new preachings in Holland and France. She heard of the wide mission fields waiting in the West; she heard of the Jesuits, her own countrymen, Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier.

She grew older; her health became increasingly bad; and as she drew to the end of her 30's she began to have mystical experiences. She suffered visions and intimations which caused her great distress. She did her best to conceal these from everyone but her spiritual director; but they were overwhelming and constant, and it was impossible to escape becoming an object of gossip and surmise.

We cannot speak of her visions here. During the time when she struggled with them in the difficult atmosphere of the convent, she was never certain whence they came, whether they were hallucinations, visitations of the devil, or divine intimations. We can only say that she went through them with great courage and discretion, while brilliantly preserving her own high brand of sanity; and that when she was commanded by her confessor to write down what she could of her spiritual battle, she braced herself and wrote an autobiography which is not only a clas-

sic of prose writing, but also—by the simplicity and modesty with which it attempts to capture the ineffable—almost indeed captures it.

And we can say that she came out from her visionary period a saint, completely schooled in holiness, in perpetual and unclouded communion with God. All her life became a form of happy prayer. But in command of her whole soul at last, she knew what she had to do with the remainder of her time.

She then went to work. She reformed, refounded the Carmelite Order, both of monks and nuns. In her 48th year, ill and unknown, she left Incarnation convent with four followers, young nuns who admired her, and founded a house of Discalced (barefooted) Carmelites, at the other side of the little town of Avila, the convent of San José.

The authorities were aghast. Battle was joined at once. The King, papal nuncio, the Pope, heads of various Orders—all were swept into the new dispute. She was certainly left in no doubt that she had started something. But her sword was drawn for Truth and Reform, and she was never again to sheath it.

She died in 1582, at 67, worn out in body and somewhat anxious in mind, for there was still much she wished to do to secure her reform. But she had founded 16 convents and many monasteries in Spain, and had stirred up a storm about religious duty and responsibility which was permanently to influence the Church throughout the world.

Her practical accomplishment may or may not strike us as significant. But Teresa *qua* saint is outside our scope of measurement. The point is that in *herself*, little as we may care about her work, she has left us an example of the human spirit at the top of its form.

To begin with, everything she laid her hand to she did not well but superlatively well. Her education had been sketchy indeed and she was not an intellectual; but she thought with perfect clarity, and she wrote as a natural master. All her writing shines like crystal, and has a ring of pure vigor.

She wrote rapidly, in a large, noble handwriting, and never revised. Her later works, *The Foundations* and *Letters*, are models of ironic wisdom and enlightenment. Her *The Way of Perfection* is a limpid, perfect guide to holiness. Her poetry, the great personal songs of her love of God as well as the light verses she wrote to amuse her nuns on feast days—all have the lucid accuracy of phrase which is the great clue to her whole nature.

For that is what distinguishes her particularly, the sheer accuracy of her mind. In business, political, moral or emotional issues, spiritual troubles, she couldn't fool herself, and it was impossible for anyone to fool her. In the battle for reform she produced the grasp and methods of a great barrister; in dealing with individuals she was an ice-cool and tolerant psychologist; with the sick or young or thoroughly silly she could be simplicity and good nature incarnate.

But when she contemplated God

and eternity, she was a poet in Spain's front rank. She was a lifelong friend of the great poet, St. John of the Cross—one of the first of her reformed Carmelite monks; but she was also the confidante of the silliest of her novices, and of her most touchy prioresses. She was indeed all things to all men, and yet forever entirely her own, or, as she would have said, her Lord's.

She cooked and scrubbed in all her convents; she was said to be the best cook in the Order; she washed and darned her shabby habit, rode all over Spain in all weathers and through all her illnesses. She wrote immortal volumes without the least thought for their immortality, but only because they seemed expedient then to God's cause. She fell foul of the Inquisition, but it could not catch her out. She madened authority again and again. She towered, still towers, out of a century of great men.

I cannot prove this to you here; I can only state it. Quotations from her might help, but if I began I should find it hard to stop quoting her. Read her. Read just her *Letters*, and see if she is not a personality in a million. Witty, sharp shooting, burningly wise, and very modest. Quick as light in perception and in thought. And if you are afraid of her visions, remember that so was she, and wanted no meddling with them.

The Church canonized her in 1622, 40 years after her death, with St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier, three soldiers of the spirit, three immortal Spaniards.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION

By



RONALD A. KNOX



Condensed from an address*

HESITATE to claim that civilization at its peak has always been accompanied by intense religious feeling, and therefore ought to be accompanied by intense religious feeling now. You can't lump religions together like that, and treat them as one thing. If you asked me whether I would rather see England go atheist or Mohammedan, I should find difficulty in answering. If you asked me whether I would rather that Englishmen worshiped Juggernaut or nothing, I should say without hesitation that I preferred them to worship nothing. Yet the worship of Juggernaut evokes, I conceive, a very high degree of religious feeling. I am not in favor of people having religious feelings, irrespective of the object towards which they are devoted. The point of religion, to me, is that if any religion is true, people are either very shortsighted or very wrongheaded not to believe it. If it is false, then I think it very regrettable that they should believe in it, however much of a boost they may give to civilization in the process.

And, I don't think it is true that the heavily civilized periods and areas of the world show a heavy religion content. I suppose the Periclean age in

Greece would be regarded as the high-water mark of the Greek culture; was that age a religious one? There was a good deal of what you might call municipal piety, towns quarreling about the ownership of sacred images, and what not; but, although my early education soaked me in the literature of the 5th century before Christ, I could never feel the slightest sense of religious rapport with the age of Thucydides and Aristophanes. Or again, the Augustan age of Rome is commonly pointed to as a peak age. There is no mistaking the fact that Augustus would have liked to re-establish the old Roman sense of religiosity, together with the other old Roman virtues. Much in the same way, public men nowadays will get up and talk about reviving religion as the only solution of our present difficulties, without any clear idea how it is to be done. That Augustus succeeded, there is no kind of evidence; the typical product of that marble Roman culture is Pontius Pilate, with his petulant inquiry, "What is truth?" It was at a discount, evidently, in an age when the only important thing was to be Caesar's friend.

The truth is, surely, that religion is a function of the individual person, not

*Delivered July 27, 1946, to the Institute of Sociology in Reading, England, and published in the *Tablet*, 128 Sloane St., S. W., London, England. Aug. 3, 1946.

of the community, and that intense religious life is not to be found in the state as such, but at best in some body of devotees within the state, protected, perhaps even encouraged, by the state, but not truly representative of it. In fact, it may be doubted whether religion is not, in this fallen world, of its very nature a protest. Where civilization is decadent, religion will sometimes flourish luxuriantly among the ruins; it did so, for example, in the Dark Ages.

But where civilization is found most vigorous, religion is intense only if, and because, it is in revolt against the age. So, in the early Roman Empire, a man who really wanted to make his soul took refuge in some discredited cult which his neighbors regarded with suspicion; became a Stoic, or gave in his name to some lucifugous mystery religion, or, still more rashly, joined the Elizabethan age of England, intense hated sect of the Christians. So, in the religion was to be found not among the timeservers who supported the government, but in the persecuted minorities. Intense civilization and intense religious life may synchronize; but if the former accounts for the latter it does so by repulsion.

Am I, then, hauling down the flag of religion, and leaving it to the artist, the scientist, and the philosopher to fight it out between them which shall stake out his claim on the golden summits of human achievement? Why, no; if I had the time, and if it fell within my terms of reference, I think I could show that artist, scientist, and

philosopher are in just the same case as myself; that none of them, really, is essential to the picture of a flourishing civilization. If they manage to cash in on it at all, they do so only as parasites on the general well-being of the community.

It all depends, of course, on how you define civilization. There are numerous question-begging definitions of it, suited to taste and fancy of definer. An artist may tell you the Victorians were not really civilized, because their art was bad, or a scientist that the 12th century was not really civilized because it was content with an out-of-date astronomy, or a philosopher that the Augustan age is negligible, because it was barren of speculation. But if you asked yourself what you mean by a civilized as opposed to a barbarous country, the answer sticks out a mile. The answer is that a civilized country is one in which you can travel without a revolver.

Various other conditions, no doubt, have to be fulfilled if you are to get anything like the perfect civilization; as, for instance, that men should be free, and that the government should in some way represent them; that there should be no brutal ill treatment of man by his fellow man; that there should be a relatively high standard of material comfort. But these are extras; nobody can pretend that brutality was not common in 1st-century Rome, or that Louis XIV's government was democratic, or that the early Middle Ages were at all comfortable to live in. And so it is with other claims. Art

does not always go hand in hand with civilization, or why did the Aztecs produce nothing nearly as good as the pictures of the cavemen? Science does not always go hand in hand with civilization, or why were the Greeks of the 5th century so incurious about nature? And philosophy comes to grief on the Augustan test. All sorts of things—including even religion—may contribute to the *bene esse* of a civilization. But the *esse* of civilization is security of living; that and nothing else. You might have a cannibal civilization, if the only sufferers by it were condemned criminals, and these appeared only at state banquets.

Obviously, other things being equal, a country or period which provides security from armed disturbance favors growth of learning. More precariously, it is a benefit to the arts and religion, which may easily run to seed in a world which has lost the instinct for living dangerously. Civilized man has more time for the amenities of life. But that does not prove that the amenities have civilized him.

Civilization at this moment has reached a very dangerous peak. The danger is, I mean, that we are all going to get too much of it. At no previous time have governments been so well provided with the machinery for crushing revolt. And at no previous time, I think, have governments claimed so much right over liberties of their subjects. The modern state, if it can keep clear of wars and palace revolutions, is practically omnipotent; and, what is worse, it is claiming more and

more to be actually omniscient.

Hitherto, the history of civilization has been, in great part, the history of the individual asserting his rights as against the jealous interference of the community. Tennyson, in one of those illuminating prosaic moments of his, described it as "freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent." Man in his primitive stages is a creature of the herd; mass suggestion dominates him; village or tribe is his unit. To that primitive, ant-like instinct he returns whenever sudden emergencies arise, a fire or a shipwreck. But long intervals of comparative security enable him to develop, more and more, into an individual; his thoughts become more and more his own, not shared, inevitably, with his neighbors.

Within my lifetime, a belt seems to have slipped somewhere, and the whole process is being reversed. To turn man into a mere cell again, make him live a herd life instead of his own, was the explicit aim of that nazi philosophy which looks so small a thing now that it is dead. The rest of it was all detail; the root heresy of the nazis was that man exists for the state, not the state for man. At the moment, we are making an amiable effort to re-educate the Germans, and bring them to a better mind. If we succeed in convincing them that the state exists for the sake of man, not man for the sake of the state, it will be a rather amusing situation; because they will be nearly the last people left in Europe who believe it.

Everywhere behind the iron curtain the last embers of what we used to call democracy are being now scientifically stamped out. And are we so very much better off in the West? It is true that when we have a general election we are given two parties to vote for, not just one. But our legislators, whatever the favors they happen to wear, are no sooner in the saddle than they begin dragooning us. They fall to with a will and legislate; only pausing now and again to produce an order in council which abridges our liberties still further without going through the formality of Parliamentary discussion.

My submission is that we, artists, scientists, philosophers, divines, are doing a disservice to mankind if we spend time arguing among ourselves about priority. We ought to be uniting in defense of human liberties. For, in the long run, this centripetal tendency which is sweeping everything into the hands of the state will deny us all right of free association. The omniscient state will refuse to admit existence of any values except one—the supposed well-being of the community. And we, who represent the values, ought to unite in defense of the principle that values do matter.

The scientist may refuse our outstretched hand with the comment, "That's all right about you chaps, but we scientists sit pretty. The state can't get on without us; we hold, more than ever, the keys of life and death in our hands, and instead of the state running us, why, we, if we chose to do it, could run the state." I don't personally be-

lieve in the possibility of a *coup d'état* carried out by scientists; in my experience, they are not that kind of persons. Nor do I believe that they would ever act together well enough to put pressure on a government; there would always be blacklegs. What is true is that by the time we are all civil servants they will be well paid, much better, for instance, than artists. But that is on the assumption that they are prepared to sell their high birthright of free research, and work at the particular experiments assigned them.

No, Downing St. will take care to flatter the men of science, by offering them alliance on equal terms. But in fact they will be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Nor let them forget the fate of the man who made the great clock at Strasbourg. He had his eyes put out, for fear he should make another clock for somebody else that was anything like as good. The state is a hard master.

There are quite a lot of people already who look forward with apparent enthusiasm to an era in which the state will have become the universal provider; when it will snatch us from our parents at birth, educate us, choose our career, regulate our actions at every turn, and (for that matter) tell us what thoughts to think. There are such people, even now, when there is still a simulacrum of democracy left in Northwestern Europe. If once the omniscient state sets in, I suppose we shall all learn to welcome its advent; our minds will be carefully conditioned that way.

These rosy dreams of tomorrow, what have they got to do with religion? In days like ours, when the sense of the supernatural has ebbed so unmistakably in the popular mind, the state cannot take over the office of universal provider without taking upon itself a still more formidable responsibility. By the logic of its own principles, it is bound to come forward as the unique source of all values whatsoever. I do not mean that the particular gang or clique which gets hold of the machinery of government will run the whole show simply in its own interests, at the point of the Tommy gun. Any executive coterie reasonably secure of its own position will rule in such a way as to secure the greatest happiness (by which it means the greatest material comfort) of the greatest number. There is no doubt that, as far as the internal politics of Germany were concerned, that is what Hitler was doing till yesterday. The majority of Germans, fundamentally irreligious as the majority of any people always will be, were enjoying themselves much more than under the chaos of the Weimar republic, or under the senseless rigidity of the Prussian empire. But the material comforts were bought at a price; the German people had lost its soul.

The characteristic drawback of a community which recognizes no higher good than the good of the community is that, at a pinch, it does not keep its word. When Hitler invaded Russia, in contravention of a treaty through which he had gained enormous mil-

itary advantage, he was acting wholly in character. To his mind (a half-crazed mind, one hopes) only one value existed, the success of Nazi Germany. As long as peace with Russia served that end, he kept peace with Russia; the moment when he conceived (wrongly, but that is a detail) that the same end would be better served by war with Russia, he paid no more attention to the treaty, or to his own signature; it had automatically ceased to be valid. He had no religion. Religion in its literal, derivative sense means belief in some kind of supernatural sanction which obliges you to keep your word even to your own disadvantage. And in this literal sense you can, for once, treat all religions as standing on the same footing. I would rather make a treaty with a set of cannibals who believe that Mumbo Jumbo will send a hailstorm on their crops if they break the treaty, than with a modern state which regards itself as source of all values, and cannot logically keep its word unless it thinks its own interests are served.

That is where Mr. Bevin dropped such an excellent word the other day in the House of Commons, although (to my great disappointment) nobody called attention to it. He was talking, as he has often had occasion to talk, about Poland; he had, as usual, a crow to pluck with Russia. He said that it was impossible for His Majesty's government to send the exiled Poles back to Poland if they were unwilling to go; it would be, he said, *against our religion*. By which he did not mean,

simply, that it would be an un-Christian act; he meant that having passed our word we could not go back on our word to gain any advantage whatsoever. And he knew, as he said it, that Stalin did not know what it felt like to feel like that; how should he?

Now, it may be objected that, in the golden future to which the moderns look forward, the difficulties which I am trying to indicate will no longer arise.

Unfortunately honor (by which I mean keeping one's word) is not the only value affected by the modern doctrine. As far as justice is concerned in these last few years, the very notion of it has been largely forgotten. The sentences passed all over Europe by courts of war guilt may in fact have been justified; the accused persons may have got no more than their deserts. But the procedure at many of those courts shows clearly enough that the judges were not attempting to administer justice; they were immolating human sacrifice on the shrine of a particular ideology.

But honor and justice are not the only values which lose their significance if the doctrine of the omniscient state is accepted: truth itself must await the rubber stamp of government approval. I do not mean that the rulers of such a state imagine they can *make things true*; they acknowledge, like King Canute, the existence of the tide. But they are so much concerned with the question: what is it good for the mass of men to believe? that the question whether it is true or

not becomes secondary. In the absence of greater leisure for investigation, truth itself must be rationed; a kind of utility truth must be issued to the public, to satisfy its needs. In wartime it is called "propaganda." We forget about it afterwards.

No, the omniscient state will not be guilty of clumsy lying; but it will so direct public opinion as to create the impression which, from time to time, is most conducive to the general happiness, whether that impression is true or false. And it is here, as I see it, that all we who defend the values, artist, scientist, philosopher, divine, have a common task in trying to avert a dehumanizing of humanity; a conditioning of the human mind which will make utility truth pass muster as the genuine article. We are all in the same boat; perhaps I should say, we are all on the same tumbrel. It is our common conviction that truth, at all events, is a value which exists in its own right; it has a claim to be told, and mere reasons of state can be, in the long run, no reason against the telling of it. The whole circumstances of our time provide governments with machinery for doctoring and dishing up the truth in the interests of general tranquillity.

I do not suggest that we defenders of the values have no quarrel among ourselves. The artist finds the scientist a crude fellow; the philosopher frowns on the artist; the scientist writes down the philosopher as a mere visionary; and as for us churchmen, it is well known what angular room fellows we are. But my submission is that at this

moment in the history of civilization; allowing ourselves to be mopped up we must all get together, leaving our private disputes to be settled afterwards; we must concentrate our attention on Public Enemy No. 1; the menace of state encroachment, instead of

allowing ourselves to be mopped up piecemeal. If not, we may wake up to find that the wheel of civilization has come full circle, and that man, who started as a creature of the herd, has ended up as a creature of the hive.

Answers to "Ecclesiastical Vocabulary"

(Page 7)

1. The official public worship of the Catholic Church, embracing the Mass, Divine Office, Sacraments.
2. Vessel in which incense is burned; a thurible.
3. Chant book containing only the office of Vespers.
4. Cloth, usually black, used to cover the coffin at funerals; small square of stiffened cloth to cover the chalice.
5. Clergy who live according to a set rule, priests who belong to an Order or Congregation.
6. The surplice with narrow long sleeves worn by prelates.
7. Kiss of peace given at Mass.
8. Recitation of Matins and Lauds for the last three days of Holy Week, so-called from the first words of the responsory at Matins for Good Friday: *Tenebrae factae sunt*; also from the fact that the church is darkened during the service.
9. Jeweled cross worn by the bishop.
10. Triple papal crown.
11. Calendar and instructions for Mass and recitation of the Divine Office published by the diocese for guidance of priests.
12. Longer portion of the church.
13. Strictly, the front part of the sanctuary and the sides near by where the choir sits; place occupied by a vested choir.
14. Umbrella or small canopy used in processions with the Blessed Sacrament.
15. Vestment worn on the arm by the ministers of the Mass.
16. Portable throne or chair used by the Pope on solemn occasions.
17. Verses of Scripture sung or recited at Mass after the Gradual during penitential seasons instead of the *Alleluia*.
18. Communion administered to the dying.
19. Tall ornamented candle blessed on Holy Saturday, kept lighted at principal functions until the Ascension.
20. Small hand bell used at Mass.

A blur is a bird

At Home to Hummingbirds



By GRACE V. SHARRITT

Condensed from *Catholic Youth**

A DIMINUTIVE feathered flame zoomed into the air, beat its wings foolishly as it hovered above a crystal glass filled with delicious sugar water.

"Here's a newcomer," called one of a group of spectators on the screened-in porch at the Dorothy May Tucker Bird Sanctuary, in Modjeska canyon, California. "He hasn't learned to perch when he takes a drink. He hovers as though the food were a flower."

Then another tiny rocket of jeweled feathers dipped above the row of crystal containers built on the platform bordering the porch. Then another, still another, until the air was filled with the hum of Lilliputian wings.

It was like holding box seats at an opera. The audience, seated on the observation porch of the sanctuary museum, instead of raising pearl-rimmed lorgnettes, focused field glasses and binoculars. The performers winged and hummed outside. They quarreled and made love. A pair of tremulous honeymooners flew upwards in swift nuptial flight. A fetching Miss Anna Hummingbird arched a wing and spread her ruffled white petticoats as she made for the luncheon of sweets.

"Look at this old-timer," said someone. "He's been here before. He knows how to perch and drink at the same

time." A dapper little fellow with a black feathered collar fringed in iridescent amethyst took the stage.

Unlike the stranger who had hovered uncertainly above this new kind of food, the black-chinned hummingbird's wings were quiet. He clung to the metal rim of the glass and took a long, long drink with perfect composure. Through practice in sipping syrup from a glass instead of a honeysuckle blossom, this bird had learned the art of drinking and perching at the same time.

Nowhere else in the U. S. is one likely to find so many different kinds of hummingbirds as at this green cloister among the foothills between Los Angeles and San Diego. Perhaps the only wildlife sanctuary of its kind in the whole world, the nine-acre mountain property, dedicated especially to luring hummingbirds, was deeded to the California Audubon society in 1941 by B. F. Tucker of Long Beach, as a living memorial to his wife.

The Tuckers loved nature. They were especially interested in birds, and of all the birds, the exquisite hummers were their favorites. However, the long dry California summers were discouraging to the little creatures who needed water and nectar from wildflowers.

*128 E. 10th St., St. Paul, 1, Minn. September, 1946.

One day (about 1927) Mr. Tucker found a courageous hummingbird nesting in a cactus. He told his wife, "Any bird that will nest in a cactus deserves some real food. I'm going to experiment."

He filled several laboratory test tubes with diluted honey, and attached them with long wire stems to trees. Then he tied gay-colored ribbons around the tubes, to imitate flowers. In two weeks, not only the little cactus nester but other hummingbirds were sampling this delicious drink in the semidesert canyon.

Then came trouble. Bees for miles around swarmed from mountains and domestic hives to this easy food. The hummingbirds refused to drink with them. Mr. Tucker solved this conflict by making feeders from small glass tumblers and covering the tops with tin. He punched holes in the covers large enough to admit the long bills of the hummers, but too small for wayward bees.

The hummers beat grateful wings of approval and gathered from far and wide. Some, like the Anna hummingbirds, stayed at this bountiful home the year round. Others paused en route to Mexico and Central America. Others nested and had families. Their children, in turn, came back each year. You get a thing like that going and there's no end to the merry-go-round of in-laws and visitors.

In fact, a new problem was now shaking a worrisome finger. There wasn't enough honey to provide for the many feathered boarders. Mr.

Tucker then concocted a treat of half sugar, half water, which was boiled for five minutes to make a luscious syrup. The Anna, the black-chinned, the Costa, the copper-feathered rufous, the Allen and the tiny calliope hummers went wild over this mixture.

Within a few years the birds were consuming sugar to the tune of a thousand pounds a year. Then came the war; sugar was rationed. But the birds who had come to depend upon their friends knew none of this. Mr. Tucker made special arrangements with the rationing board for sugar supplies. For birds have an economic value in the world of man, as well as an esthetic place; hummingbirds had proved their value in the date groves of Southern California by helping to rid the fruit of gnats.

The sugar water was now diluted to about one-third sugar, two-thirds water. The hummers' attitude toward this change was probably much like ours when offered hamburger instead of a T-bone. But they still came in large numbers.

At present there are 20 large glass crystal containers built on a specially constructed platform outside the observation porch of the sanctuary's museum. Each crystal bowl holds one quart of syrup water. Although occasional bees annoy the hummers, kerosene cups on the rods supporting the platform have made the sweets antproof.

Visitors can ask amusing questions. Many are surprised to learn that hummingbirds have feet. Humming-

bird feet are weak because the birds do not use them on the ground. However, contrary to general opinion, they do perch, as visitors who visit the sanctuary soon discover.


Hummingbird nests are almost as interesting and beautiful as the birds. As early as mid-December, the Anna hummingbirds are gathering silken spider webs and lichens to weave into homes about the size of an English walnut. These little dwellings have been found throughout the sanctuary on woven ropes, over electric-light bulbs, on ladder rungs, and atop sign boards, as well as in the usually accepted location in branches of shrubs and trees.

The black-chin's home is a museum piece. The tiny chalice is made almost entirely of the soft down or fluff found on the underside of fresh green sycamore leaves. Its color is creamy, texture delicate; and a nice fat strawberry would just about fit into the door.

Hummingbird eggs, usually two to

a nest, are about the size of navy beans. They hatch in approximately 12 days and in another three weeks the fledglings are taking their places in the outside world. Within a few months, according to ornithologists, the youngsters are ready to make long flights. The tiny birds can fly the 700 miles across the Gulf of Mexico without stopping to rest. Their flight is made possible by the hummer's long, narrow and nonflexible wings and strong pectoral muscles.

You become hummingbird-conscious after visiting the canyon sanctuary. You listen for the beat and hum of tiny wings; you learn to discriminate between the changeable colors of the Anna's brilliant crimson cap and throat and the Costa's dazzling purple head-piece. You look for the calliope, the smallest of the species, about the size of a penny. You wonder at the mysteries and miracles of a nature that can fashion such exquisite creatures in feathers and flesh.



Opera in the Jungle

As an aid to his missionary work in the northern hills of Burma, Father Lawrence Hickey, Columban missionary, finds a small portable radio effective.

Recently he reported how it works: "We produced the small portable radio and soon had the entire village for an audience. I chanced to pick up a coloratura soprano singing Italian opera. Thinking her acrobatic trills would be lost on these people, I hastened to twist the dial, but they begged me to allow her to continue. It was marvelous, they said, but would I explain to them what joke she was laughing at so heartily! They wouldn't believe me when I insisted that she was not laughing but singing."



TUMACACORI

By EARL JACKSON

Condensed from
*Arizona Highways**

ON U. S. HIGHWAY 89, 19 miles north of the Mexican boundary, lies one of America's most historic landmarks, the mission church of San José de Tumacacori. Here in the fertile Santa Cruz valley, while some of our forebears in New England were still burning witches, Christianity was ushered into what is now southern Arizona by indomitable Jesuit priests. On the edge of one of the most hostile Indian frontiers of the hemisphere, came the paradox, a century later, of an Indian-built edifice to the strange new God of the white man. Their church was constructed of the earth itself, and its walls have endured the ravages of time and vandalism under the flags of three nations.

Spain in the late 17th century was a great colonial power, claiming territory far north of the present Mexico. In defense of her empire she dotted frontiers with presidios, garrisons for her soldiers to dominate adjacent territory as a warning to possible aggressor nations.

It is axiomatic that a sand pile spread over a large enough area eventually reaches the point of only scattered

grains. Spain had so spread her manpower that the physical capacity of small groups of soldiers to hold territory would have been inadequate without great support from natives.

It is a lasting tribute to Spain's colonial policy that she was able, in many critical situations, to hold sway through the loyalty of converted Indians. This success was based on the integral Spanish policy of sending apostles of her faith into new areas shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers. In the vicinity of Indian villages and towns, the soldiers established their presidios. At the same time, missionary priests began the job of converting Indians and building missions.

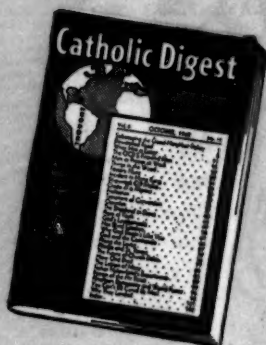
Spain's threefold policy of converting, civilizing, and using the Indians paid big dividends. She encouraged soldiers and others to fraternize and intermarry with them, to absorb them into Spanish culture. Friendship thus engendered produced loyalty among many tribes, and reduced the size of military forces necessary for control. The desire of the Church to save souls dovetailed perfectly with more mundane desires of the state.

*Arizona Highway department, Phoenix, Ariz. July, 1946.



Through her we may see Him
Made sweeter, not made dim,
And her hand leaves His light
Sifted to suit our sight.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



• Testimonials •

The most recent edition of the DIGEST is a joy to behold. This is what we have been looking for for years, a Catholic magazine that can not only hold its own against the seculars but which rather leads the way for them. The CATHOLIC DIGEST is now just such a Catholic magazine.

Ottawa, Canada

I often wish your interesting CATHOLIC DIGEST could be published weekly as I find it hard to wait a whole month for it. Everyone in our family reads it from cover to cover and then over and over again.

Buffalo, N. Y.

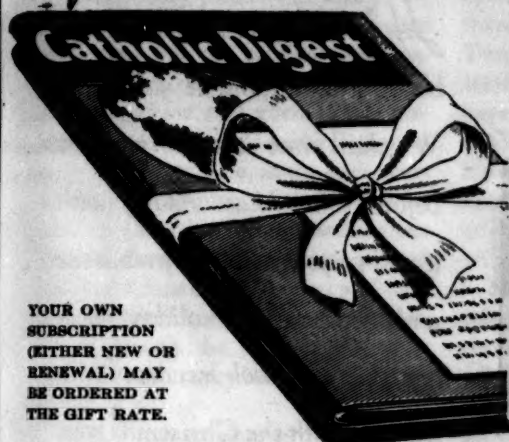
The primary purpose of this letter is to thank you for the wonderful reading your magazine has furnished me. For over a year I have read every article in the CATHOLIC DIGEST, and I must say I have enjoyed all of them very much. I want to congratulate you on its educational as well as its humorous articles. I certainly enjoy reading your entire magazine.

Denver, Colo.

Your magazine, which comes to our home regularly, is read and anticipated month by month. To me it is an interesting and welcome relief from the trash which floods our everyday life, and a constant source of pleasure and of learning in a field of which we can never learn enough. My wife, a convert, and a Catholic mother, reads it with the interest that any convert has before new and different explanations of matters which lifelong Catholics take wholly for granted.

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One of the most famous names on an illustrious roster of North American missionary priests was that of the great Jesuit, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino. He was the brilliant combination of priest, diplomat, cattleman, and explorer whose zeal effected the construction of a chain of mission churches in Sonora, Mexico, in the later years of the 17th century. Here his conversion of the friendly and industrious Pima Indians established them as loyal allies of Church and crown, and as a powerful buffer state between populated regions to the south and hostile Apaches who ranged north and north-east.

In response to pleas of Pima-speaking Indians from the village of Tumacacori, Kino's field of endeavor was extended into what is now southern Arizona. In 1691 Kino and a companion, Father Salvatierra, first offered Mass at this spot, under a brush shelter the Indians had built for that express purpose. With this visit, Tumacacori was established as a *visita*, or visiting place for the priests, and as such it remained through the remainder of the Jesuit period, which terminated with the expulsion from New Spain by royal decree in 1767. Kino and other Jesuits who came after him made many conversions in Santa Cruz valley, introduced livestock to the Indians, and brought them new crops and improved methods of farming.

It remained for Franciscan priests, who in 1768 took up the interrupted work of the Jesuits in Pimeria Alta (land of the Upper Pimas, in Sonora

and southern Arizona), to finally build the present church of San José de Tumacacori and establish resident priests there. Unfortunately, many pages of Tumacacori's history are missing, and we do not know the exact year. It is believed to have been started between 1783 and 1800. It was not the first religious edifice built there, but nobody knows for certain the location of the original chapel, or of the small church which succeeded it.

The present building was never completed, although it was used as a church for several years, and with its adjoining cemetery and mortuary chapel, the large court to the east, and the extensive orchard adjoining the latter, it constituted a very respectable mission plant. The dedication was probably in 1822, in which year two priests who had been buried in the older church were taken up and buried in the new one.

There is no doubt that the Franciscans, in addition to their religious work with the Tumacacori people, acted as civil administrators for them, and taught them all the essentials of life as mission, and therefore Christian, Indians, including Spanish and music, and instructed them in the building trades and in crafts such as leather, metal work, and others.

Scarcely was the new church ready for use when Mexico, in 1821, won her independence. This action ended government aid to the missions, and brought expulsion of priests who were not natives of Mexico. Some smaller frontier missions were soon abandon-

ed, the last resident priest leaving Tumacacori in 1827.

The Indians of Tumacacori remained near their abandoned church until an Apache raid on the near-by presidio of Tubac, in 1848, forced them to leave their ancestral homes and flee northwestward to join kinsmen at San Xavier mission.

San José de Tumacacori was left at the mercy of the elements, Apaches, vandals, and treasure hunters. The Gadsden Purchase, in 1853, brought all of the present Arizona south of the Gila river into possession of the U.S. The remaining years of the century saw a kaleidoscopic series of ebbs and flows of population, as miners, adventurers, soldiers, ranchers, and finally farmers, struggled through intermittent Apache wars to establish permanent footholds.

In 1908 a 10-acre tract was set aside as a national monument, to protect the ruined Tumacacori mission and adjoining grounds and structures. The National Park Service was established in 1916, and the early 1920's saw considerable repair work done on the church. Since 1929 a resident custodian has been in charge.

Today the visitor arrives by modern oiled highway. He looks over the exhibits in one of the finest small historical museums in the Southwest, and loafs in the beautiful replica of an old-style Spanish mission garden. Upon payment of a 30¢ guide fee he accompanies the custodian or ranger guide

on a 30 to 50-minute walking trip through church and grounds. The scheduled trips start daily at 9:15 A.M. with the last at 5 P.M.

The church is constructed in massive style, of sun-dried adobe bricks set in mud mortar, with fired adobes used at points of extra stress, and surfaced with two layers of lime plaster. It still stands to its original height, and has the old ceilings over all rooms except the nave. Restoration has been limited to stabilizing original structural parts and thus leaves for inspection the many interesting details of construction.

A visit to this singularly impressive old church leaves one with a combined feeling of humility and admiration. It is hard to conjecture the zeal and moral strength which made it possible for the priests to come into this wild, hostile region, take over a band of primitive yet intelligent Indians who could not read nor write, and knew nothing whatever of this type of architecture, and not only teach them how to build a beautiful church, but get them to donate their best energies to its construction.

It took stout hearts and souls for those men, both white and red, to set foundation stones for our present southwestern civilization. Our roots run deep out here, and we are as much a part of that Spanish and Mexican colonial period as we are of the powerful Saxon push which followed. We are just typical Americans, and Tumacacori helps us realize that.



BEHOLD THE HIPPOGRIFF

By D. R. D. VAUGHAN

Condensed from *Columba**

AMONG THE MEN who work with pencil, brushes, and colors, none has a more highly specialized task than the heraldic artist.

There are only a few extant; and most are employed at the College of Arms, in Queen Victoria St., London. Others work for genealogists, and those painstaking and erudite gentlemen who erect pedigrees and family trees for their customers.

The heraldic artist would probably be of little use at painting landscapes or figures. His work is highly formalized, subject to rigid rules. His medium is known among artists as body color, or ordinary water colors mixed with a vehicle which keeps all the tints flat, or what some persons know as matt.

The heraldic artist's palette is different, for while others have dozens of colors to choose from, he is confined to crimson, blue, green, purple, and black—dubbed by the heralds in their quaint Norman-French jargon, gules, azure, vert, purpure and sable. He also uses gold and silver (or and argent) which the ordinary painter's palette does not know nor acknowledge. There is one interesting exception, for

when an object is to be depicted in natural colors, as sometimes happens, it is then termed "proper."

The heraldic artist needs special knowledge for which the landscapist or figure painter has no use. He has at his fingers' ends all that curious jargon in which heralds delight. For instance, he must know the bend, a broad band running across the shield diagonally, from a pale, which is another broad band, but perpendicular from top of the shield to bottom. Then there are the fess, which crosses the shield horizontally, and dozens more of these terms, such as the saltire, like a cross, and the chevron, like that on the sleeve of an English sergeant's tunic, but with the sharp end uppermost. These terms are elementary.

The artist must be familiar with the many styles of heraldic designing which have come down through the ages. The Tudor style is slightly different from the early Norman. The artist must know all the beasts in the heraldic zoo, such as the hippogriff; the wivern, a pretty little creature composed of equal parts of an eagle and a dragon; and the chimera, which has the face of a woman, body of a goat,

*81 Berkeley St., Glasgow, C. 3, Scotland. August, 1946.

mane of a lion, and tail of a dragon.

Let us see how this works out in practice. The painter has a command to draw "a lion statant-gardee or langued, dented, and clawed sable, gorged with a ducal coronet, holding in the dexter paw an oak branch proper." He knows what is wanted; so he sets to work to depict a gold lion, standing, with its face turned towards the front, its tongue, teeth, and claws colored black, with a ducal coronet round its neck, and holding in its right paw an oak branch in its natural hues. This is simple; a shield with many quarterings means a whole page or more of description in the quaint language of heraldry.

This jargon seems to try to make things as difficult as possible; thus, a lion walking is passant, a stag walking is trippant! The artist uses "tinctures" where the ordinary painter employs colors. His lions are not like the lions at the zoo, but a breed of emaciated creatures peculiar to coats-of-arms. In fact, for centuries it was a matter of dispute whether the animals in the first and fourth quarter of the British royal arms were lions or leopards.

Many talented men spend their lives in this work, like Mr. Forbes-Nixon, whose name may be found in several books on heraldry. Pugin and Willement are other names inseparably connected with such designing. Better known than these, without doubt, are the artist-engravers, Bartolozzi and Cipriani. Most illustrious of all was Hogarth. This great man, who shed imperishable glory upon English art,

began his career as a heraldic painter.

But the art of heraldic designing is, of course, much older than Hogarth. It is many centuries old, for in Norman times it was lustily flourishing, and Harold, last of the Saxon kings, had his "lion banner," round which his Englishmen fought and died at Hastings. Among the particular treasures preserved at the College of Arms is the beautiful "Prince Arthur's Book" produced in 1501, with many coats-of-arms emblazoned on vellum. (Prince Arthur was the eldest son of Henry VII.) Then there is the equally lovely "Tournament Roll" of Henry VIII, with the coat and crests of the knights and nobles who took part in the jousts of Westminster on New Year's day, 1510. The colors are as brilliant as when they were first laid on, which goes to show that those long-ago artists had secrets denied to modern designers.

But you must not assume that the modern heraldic artist is solely occupied with providing coats-of-arms for newly ennobled peers, and so on. He has many other jobs. When a new British borough becomes incorporated, it must have a coat, and the same applies to many other human activities.

The British army, navy, and air force call upon the College of Arms to draw their crests and badges, which means more work for the heralds, and for the talented men who wield pencil and brush. When 50 destroyers were transferred from the U. S. Navy to Britain, they were renamed, and every ship had to have a new badge.

Christianity and DEMOCRACY

By F. H. WALSH

Condensed from an address*

DEMOCRACY is a spirit, a way of life and a form of government. As a spirit it implies a wide spread of obligation towards society in return for rights of individuals. As a way of life it means for all classes a complete equality before the law and in some cases an absence of privilege and any notable distinction between classes; understood in this sense it tends to create an almost classless society; as a political form it involves government through elected representatives of the people, by discussion and not by decree.

In its pure and ideal form democracy would be found in all three ways. But in practice they have not always existed together. Before being united with England in the 18th century, the Scots had, like all Celtic races, a strong sense of equality; but they were governed by a small minority of landowners. By 1850, on the other hand, the English people had achieved a notable degree of democratic government through enlargement of the franchise; but society was still divided into classes and, despite equality before the law, working people did not feel themselves the equals of their old masters. In fact they often used their political rights to elect members of aristocracy to govern them.

Then, too, democracy, like every

other human thing, varies greatly with the character of the people who practice it. In England it displays a certain love of the past with its feudal and aristocratic forms; in France it tends to exalt the *bourgeoisie* at the expense both of workers and nobles; in the U. S. a lively concern for the common man exists side by side with a deep respect for the power of wealth; while in Australia and New Zealand there is such a prejudice against great possessions that it is difficult for a very rich man to serve his country in any elected capacity.

Beneath all variations of time and place certain ideas remain as the basis of democracy. The fundamental notion is this—the value and importance of the common man, the rights and dignity of the individual. The roots of the idea are not only religious but Christian; for the idea did not exist before Christ nor was it afterwards effectively spread far beyond the orbit of the Church's influence. The world into which the Church came was founded on slavery. Democracy to the Greeks meant the enlightened rule of free citizens, whose culture derived its material support from an army of slaves absolutely deprived of all social and political rights. Early Christianity rare-

*To the University students of Shimonoseki, Japan, June 8, 1946. As published in the New Zealand Tablet, Box 353, Dunedin, New Zealand, July 3, 1946.

ly launched any direct attack on such a system; but by teaching the doctrine of God made Man, the Church incidentally created a social climate in which slavery declined and died.

The essence of the Christian doctrine is this: in the eyes of God the individual soul is of such tremendous value and importance that He is prepared to come down from heaven to take our human nature upon Himself to save and sanctify it. What God has done for the human race He would do just as willingly for one individual soul had that soul been alone upon the earth. God perceives in the individual man and woman an infinite value and importance. In becoming Man God bestows on man as such, and not on any conquering race or ruling class, an unimaginable dignity which could never have been guessed at had He not told us of it. Moreover, the Incarnation is not an event that happened once for all and then was finished and done with. It is continually renewed in the Church through Baptism and other sacraments in virtue of which the common man is raised to the dignity of a brother of Jesus Christ and a son of God by adoption. It is not only God who stoops down to us but we who are lifted up to Him.

Once this revolutionary idea gained some hold on the pagan world of the Roman empire it was bound to cause a vast if silent change. Since Jesus Christ did not crusade on behalf of social equality neither did the Church He founded. Christ was not a socialist any more than He was a monarchist

or republican; He enjoined obedience to Caesar, dined with publicans, and emphasized the duties as well as rights of labor. But Christ in His Church propagated a view of human nature which was not compatible with the injustices and inequalities of the pagan world; and, since the truth is great and shall prevail, in Christian Europe those anomalies had in the end to disappear.

The change was all the more striking since it affected relations not only between rich and poor, governors and governed, but also between man and woman. For the first time in history it became clear that woman is man's equal. Aristotle, one of the greatest minds of antiquity, was inclined to doubt whether women and slaves were endowed with souls. But the Catholic Church not only proclaimed the equality of women but insisted that the most important of all creatures was a woman. The central fact that God had become Man implied that Christ had a human mother. The Catholic devotion to the Mother of God was to flourish with increasing ardor and deeper love. Without consciousness of deliberate social change it was to lay the foundation of all future rights of women in the Christian civilization of Europe. It is a significant symptom that this equality of the sexes has never been found outside the orbit of the Church's influence; and that when the Christian culture goes under for a while, as in nazi Germany, the first victim of anti-Christian hatred, along with liberty and truth, is the dignity of woman. The same phenomena will

be observed in the instance of Russia and her satellites.

This tendency towards freedom and some sort of rough equality found in any Christian civilization is simply a by-product of Christ's teachings. Provided a substantial decency and justice obtain, the Church is indifferent whether she pursues her life under a monarchy or a republic, within the framework of an agricultural or commercial community, under governments that are authoritarian or of the people. One thing she cannot tolerate: the theory and practice of the totalitarian state in which all the energies and loyalties of the individual are totally subordinated to the demands of the state as expressed by the arbitrary whims of a ruling clique. Since the one thing to which she cannot accommodate herself is a spiritual despotism, it would seem that her peculiar atmosphere is one of spiritual freedom.

It was natural that this feeling for the dignity and liberty of the individual soul should sooner or later express itself in the creation of representative political institutions. Although their aims are purely religious, great world religions like Buddhism and Christianity have such a vital force in their germinal ideas that they cannot help creating civilizations and even states. Just as in Japan the idea of the centralized state came with introduction from China of Buddhist religion and philosophy, so in Europe the idea of a free society sprang from the theory and example of the Catholic Church. The rule of kings in medieval Christian

Europe was hedged about and limited on all sides by the universal acceptance of a common Christian code of morality as well as by the existence of representative institutions, elected on a limited franchise, which could discuss the problems of government and exercise a real control over policy by giving or withholding financial aid. Only at the Renaissance, with growth of pagan ideas and breakdown of effective Christianity in public affairs, did despotism again gain ground. So strong were Christian influences a few centuries before, that some modern historians see in early parliaments a secular imitation of the representative and democratic methods of government long practiced by medieval Religious Orders within the Church.

The advent of Protestantism with its accent on the individual was destined to build two very different structures on such Catholic foundations. Luther, with his deep-seated pessimism about human nature, put religion and politics into two watertight compartments; he rejected the Catholic notion of the Church as a corporate society, placed the individual in direct contact with God, but on the political side subjected him completely to the power of the state. Calvin and his followers, on the other hand, believed passionately that divine authority to rule both Church and state dwelt in the body of believers, the choice of representatives being confirmed by God. To this belief more than any other do "popular" systems of government owe their form and character today. Among Calvinists, the

autocratic rule of the Church by Pope and bishops appeared an odious, human imposition; while king and aristocrat became tolerable only when stripped of all effective political power. In the public life of the Germanies the Catholic Church and the religion of Luther existed side by side, though it was a fateful portent for our times that Prussia should follow Luther and ultimately destroy the Catholic Hapsburgs. Scotland was hot for Calvin, while the English after some wavering exercised their national genius for compromise; but the political and social ideas which would rule the new world of North America and the British dominions were substantially a Calvinistic superstructure on older Catholic foundations.

To European philosophers and thinkers of the 19th century it appeared that in Britain more than anywhere else religion influenced public life. Since those were the years in which Australia and New Zealand were colonized it was natural that ideas of freedom and equality, which nearly always find in colonies a more congenial climate, should form the basis of their politics and social life. Such beginnings and development over 100 years have conspired to make New Zealand one of the most democratic communities in the world.

In the democratic atmosphere which now characterizes the British empire it was natural that colonies and mother country should soon be agreed on complete independence within the framework of the Commonwealth. Because

England had learned a valuable lesson in America her later colonies became self-governing dominions.

In New Zealand freedom of every sort was extended to the native Maoris so that they should enjoy complete political, legal, and social equality with their white brothers. A fairly drastic attitude towards great wealth now renders it less common and a complete system of social security from cradle to grave attempts to secure for the common man in New Zealand the basic essentials of health, nourishment, and education.

Religious freedom is complete, and minorities suffer no social nor political disadvantage; but education is secular and so, too, is the tone of social life. The religious impulse appears to be less strong than 50 or 100 years ago, and among thoughtful people there is some concern as to whether democracy which was nourished on religion would be likely to survive the decay of Christianity.

The true Christian faith is primarily a religion of personal salvation; it is concerned first and foremost with welfare of the soul. But because of the atmosphere of equality which it almost unconsciously generates it tends to create a certain type of civilization and social life in which its spiritual values will be most effectively promoted. The spirit of democracy has been implicit in Christianity from the beginning; in the course of centuries it created as a by-product a democratic way of life which in modern times has been crystallized into a system of government.

It seems highly unlikely that those political forces would long survive any widespread denial or decay of the central Christian doctrine of the Incarna-

tion; but it is one of the constant characteristics of Christianity that when it appears to be at the point of death it is then most likely to rise again.



By MICHAEL J. EARLY, C.S.C.

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

THE LAST ten years have seen the newly revised edition of the New Testament sponsored by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and the New Testament written in beautiful modern English by the distinguished English convert, Msgr. Ronald A. Knox. Both revisions are translations of the Vulgate of St. Jerome.

Up to now Catholics have been using the Douay version, an English translation made hurriedly at Rheims and Douai, France, the New and Old Testaments published in 1582 and 1609, respectively, to meet the needs of the English persecution. This version, although accurate and approved by the Church, is inferior in style and diction to the Protestant King James version. Besides the work of the confraternity, which was done by leading American biblical scholars, and that of

Monsignor Knox, there have been other translations, especially that of Father Lattey, S.J. We have also been promised a modern revision of the Old Testament, upon which work is progressing. Added to these more erudite editions, there has appeared an attractive little book by Margaret T. Munro, called *Enjoying the New Testament*, the sole purpose of which is to interest Catholics in the reading of the New Testament.

In the light of all this, the question arises: have we Catholics been neglecting the Bible? As far as the liturgy of the Church is concerned, the answer is No. In all her official prayers the Church makes generous use of both the Old and the New Testaments. In fact, the Mass and the Divine Office are practically encompassed by passages from either or both sacred books.

*Notre Dame, Ind. July 20, 1946.

This use of sacred writings is quite understandable. In the very beginning, those who composed the original Catholic liturgy were devout Jews very familiar with the sacred writings, and those writings easily found their way into the liturgy of the New Dispensation. The early Christians realized that both Old and New Testaments were divinely inspired and that the New Law of Christ did not destroy but completed the Old. The primitive sacramental liturgy of the early Christians is particularly rich in its use of the Old Testament. It is quite clear, therefore, that the Church in her official prayers has never neglected Holy Scripture.

Use of the Bible by the faithful is a different story. The Gospel of Christ had come to mankind by word of mouth. All communication in any other way, whether carved on stone or traced out on parchment, was much too slow a means to serve the infant Church in that startling rapidity with which it spread over Europe and western Asia. In fact it was by preaching only that the Word of God was handed on for centuries. And that was the only way. It is true that St. Paul followed up his preaching by sending letters to cities where converts lived, but those letters reached but comparatively few. The truth is that few could read and fewer write.

The written word was there but was available to only a few because of scarcity of manuscripts. That manuscripts were preserved at all is due to clerics and monks, who laboriously copied and recopied the sacred texts, in addi-

tion to transcribing pagan literature.

If one were to sit down now and write by hand the works of Plato or Aristotle, or the Bible itself, he could begin to understand what a task it must have been to keep alive and save for future generations the accumulated literature of ages. Fortunately, even during the warring centuries scholars traveled from country to country in the pursuit of knowledge. They spent much time in scriptoriums of monasteries possessing valuable manuscripts. The itinerant scholars came to study or to copy the precious texts and carry back with them to their own cities or monasteries fruits of their work. In this way culture was spread throughout Europe. Even when printing first came into use, most books, especially the Bible, were so valuable that in some libraries it was found necessary to chain them to tables to prevent eager scholars from carrying them away.

Enemies of the Church have used such incidents to discredit her, claiming she chained the Bible to prevent the faithful from reading it. The truth, of course, is just the opposite. Even today, valuable reference books are kept under lock and key and issued to readers only under supervision, not only in religious and collegiate libraries but in public libraries as well.

Before Gutenberg, there were no Bibles as such. But this is not saying that the faithful of those days were unfamiliar with the Word of God. They knew it well because they understood the Latin of the Mass and they had had the Scriptures expounded to

them at every Mass. They were, also, aware of the meaning of the liturgy in which they had participated and in which another chapter from the ancient story of God's dealings with His children had been unfolded.

For 13 centuries men were born, baptized, and lived and died Christians, before printing was invented and distribution of Bibles made possible. Christ was known and loved perhaps better than today, when books are so common and Bibles so easily available. The Word of God within the covers of a book, no matter how revered, is not sufficient to lead men to the better life. There must be something more: the language of the Bible correctly interpreted and made clear. In the mission of Christ, He set forth the way to be followed, which way is the way of the sacraments, the Mass, and of grace constantly growing in souls. The record contained in the Bible is but one way in which that mission is revealed. The other is the Church. We can follow Christ and save our souls through Christ's Church without the book that is known as the Bible because the Church contains the Bible.

Millions of souls were so saved before Gutenberg, but it will be hard to find salvation by the Bible without the Church. In spite of all who make the Bible sole rule of faith, and in spite of the fact that so many millions of copies of the Bible have been distributed, the Bible as sole rule of faith is insufficient. It has been found wanting because it lacks the infallible guidance of the voice of Christ. When fortified

by that infallible voice, it will fashion men to the likeness of God and make them fit for salvation. The Bible in the Church means salvation; outside the Church it means spiritual chaos.

We must give due consideration to the place of the written Word of God in men's lives. From the mere fact that it has been the sole spiritual nourishment of countless good men and women since the error of the Reformation means that in that Word alone there is tremendous vitality. But private interpretation does not provide sufficient nourishment to maintain souls in spiritual contentment and vigor over the generations; it alone will not keep alive awareness of Christ. That has been proved by the passing of time. In the sacred Word of God as interpreted by the commissioned authority of the Church, mankind learns what is the way of Christ and where to find it. It tells us what Christ Himself said while on earth, what and where the sacraments are. It tells us what the Mass is and how it opens for man the door of eternal life; of that divine authority which is found in the true Church whose decisions are backed by Christ Himself. "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

These are the realities that bring certitude and confidence to those who have found or who are honestly and earnestly seeking to find the kingdom of heaven. But there is still more in the written Word of God. It contains Christ's own sermons to men: the sermon of His own life as well as the

Sermon on the Mount. It contains messages of consolation, life, encouragement, and light; and through a reverent and constant reading of them the life of grace is made fuller.

Further explanation can be made of what may be called a lack of interest in the Bible by members of the true Church. As Protestants emphasized the Bible, the faithful unconsciously de-emphasized it. As the Church challenged the false position that the Bible is the sole rule of faith, the faithful experienced a sense of what we may call biblical fear. This was unfortunate, because there grew up in the minds of the faithful the idea that the

Bible was not important. From the very beginning the Church recognized this danger and endeavored to remove it, granting indulgences to those who would read a portion of Holy Scripture each day.

Catholics should welcome this new movement to spur reading of the Scriptures. They should cooperate by becoming familiar with the contents of the sacred text. It is not to our credit that non-Catholics are more at home with the Bible than we. This sacred text belongs in our tradition. Through the Church it came into existence, through her efforts it was preserved for us, and we should not neglect it.

This Struck Me

The simplicity with which Bruce Marshall's Father Smith included the worthy and unworthy, knowingly and unknowingly, in the Canon of the Mass struck me because it seemed to be so perfectly in keeping with that greatest of prayers.

With his arms spread like Christ's upon the tree, he prayed for the living, for Professor Brodie Ferguson and Miss O'Hara and the three chorus girls and Mr. Balfour and Mr. H. G. Wells and old Mrs. Flanigan who kept the lodging house in John Knox Street and hadn't been to Mass since she had her ingrowing toenail cut out, that they might be granted fellowship with John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter, Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia. The mystery was quickly over. Saints' names came and went like windows lit with God and God Himself in the orbit of His own chosen understatement. With his arms spread and his thumbs and forefingers joined, the priest prayed that the servants and handmaids of the Lord who had gone before in the sign of faith might rest in Christ and that to those whose souls and whose bodies had once itched and sinned far back beneath forgotten Spanish moons God might grant a place of refreshment, light, and peace.

From *The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith* by Bruce Marshall
(Houghton Mifflin, Boston: 1945).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comments as by the selection.

TWO WORLDS

THE LOGICAL development of the policies at present pursued by the U. S. and Russia is war. At some future juncture there must be either a reconciliation of clashing aims, or a final all-out struggle for supremacy.

The Soviet Union and the U. S., though at opposite poles in national outlook and social aims, possess much in common. They are both dynamic and vigorous. Both are young states, as far as history goes.

What is of even greater importance, both differ from the conventional and outmoded nations of the day in that they are not states at all, but federations of states, expressing vital philosophies of government and representing systems of federal authority capable of vast expansion. Either, if necessary, could embrace within its corporate system the entire globe.

By merging their fate with that of the U. S. S. R., Lithuania and Estonia acquire whatever economic stability and security the Marxist system is able to offer. They cease to exist as imbalanced fragments and take on the attributes of the wider universe around them. Much the same is true of Hawaii, or Florida, in their relation to the U. S.

At this point, the analogy ends. The U. S. is a union of politically democratic states whose economy is founded

on the assumption that the rights of the individual get precedence over state power. This involves not only freedom to own property and engage in trade, but title to free opinion, and in other respects an independence from all but nominal interference by central authority.

In communist dogma, there is no room for such a concept as opposing parties and ideas. The existence of a deliberately sustained domestic opponent, such as is involved in the phrase, "His Majesty's loyal opposition," is to the communist mind a quaint relic of the defunct capitalist period. As in war, every activity designed to achieve final triumph is recognized as justifiable.

It is widely believed in the West that Stalin is a sick man, and that his death or retirement would bring into power a group of military men who would overthrow the ruling bolshevist clique. This is a false hope. If the army were to take over, there would be presaged a more, rather than a less, aggressive policy.

Western politicians also are inclined to make much of the hope that Russian discipline is collapsing; and believe that the Russian soldier will draw a painful contrast between the police regime at home with its poverty of consumer goods, and the comforts and liberties he will discover in even the

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meanest little country of Europe. This, too, is probably a useless contemplation. Stalin's soldiers have seen Europe at the lowest ebb of its moral and material fortunes.

All factions in Russia are unanimous in their belief that time is their ally. They believe that political pressures and recurring social troubles at home will force the early withdrawal of American armies of occupation, leaving Moscow with a comparatively free hand in Europe, and possibly Asia.

If the U. S. S. R. is to continue its growth, a time will come when Russia will outweigh us in every department, forcing on us an inevitable tutelage as mistress of the world. If the U. S. S. R. continues its expansion, this result is insured by the opportunities provided in her Eurasian setting alone. This enormous land mass, when seen as a single unit, embraces fifteen-sixteenths of all humanity, and a comparable proportion of the world's natural wealth.

The great industrial success already achieved by the Soviets would encourage them to believe that within a short period they not only could equal the industrial concentrations which make the U. S. easily the top military power of today, but vastly outmatch them.

Russian possession of the Arctic would vastly enhance her potential. By air line, the shortest distance between all major sectors of the globe is due north. The Arctic is now the very center of the world power compass. Bombers taking off from the European Arctic would find Miami, Florida; Fort Worth, Texas; Salt Lake City,

Utah, and Sacramento, Calif., equidistant from their home base; or operating from Omsk, or Novaya Zemlya in Asia, could strike with an almost identical expenditure of fuel at New York, Milwaukee, or Seattle.

America's industrial Middle West is thus as fully exposed to attack as its east and west coasts. In the event of war this would force a costly dispersal of defending forces to guard every important city and installation in the U. S. In view of this pattern of facts, Soviet control of half the Arctic littoral becomes at once significant. The metamorphosis of Siberia from an unmaped wasteland into one of the new industrial centers of the world must be of even more critical interest to our statesmen.

During a single generation, the population of Siberia has leaped from some 10 to almost 60 million. Throughout Soviet Asia, port cities and installations of every kind have been erected, mines dug, industries built and cooperative farms established, where once was only bleak landscape. In the almost feverish tempo of operation, whole industries from Silesia and occupied Germany have been shipped and relocated.

A population increase of more than 18 million is said to have resulted from the transfer of populations in the path of the nazi conquest. Karaganda, in Kazakhstan, once a village of a few tents, today is a city of a quarter of a million. Henry Wallace, on his return from a trip to the Far East, described cities of a million people "so

newly built that their names are unknown in other countries."

If the Russians are able to consolidate the territories they now hold east of the Elbe in Europe, together with those which have fallen into the Soviet lap in Asia, the U. S. S. R. will possess an area of 9,647,334 square miles, and a population estimated as of 1970 at approximately 429 million. If to this empire eventually can be added H'sinkiang, Manchukuo, and Korea, the Soviets will rule a land space of 11,260,661 square miles, containing an estimated 1970 population of 530 million.

At this period, which is a favorite estimating point for the demographers, the U. S. will hold a population of approximately 156 million, in an area of 2,977,128 square miles. This assumes that our present geographic reach on the American continent will remain unchanged.

The dynamic factors which accompany this physical relationship may fairly be said to favor the gradual decline of American power and the growth of that of the U. S. S. R. The ultimate significance of this relative position is contained in the determination of the Soviets to build the greatest industrial machine ever yet seen.

At the moment, the economic structure of the Soviet Union is seriously impaired. Despite the magnificent Russian armies it is doubtful that the U. S. S. R. today could stand the concussive impact of another major, all-out encounter.

In its death struggle with the invad-

ing Germans, the U. S. S. R. suffered terrible losses. The cost to the Russians in human life alone may come to some 25 million persons. The greater part of the Soviet Union's industrial setup in Europe also disappeared as a casualty of war. Railroads were ripped up, mines flooded, and factories, dams, and power plants were dynamited. More than 1,700 towns and 70,000 villages were erased together with 32,000 industrial establishments and 98,000 collective farms. And the torch was applied to 160 million acres of the most fertile Russian land. Machine equipment was carried away, together with farm stock. Much of what remains standing out of this hurricane of ruin is obsolescent or in such a bad state of repair as to be useless for productive purposes.

The situation undoubtedly is a bad one, but it is not the predicament that many Americans imagine it to be. During the war, the Russians managed to build something of a compensating industry in the Urals and Middle Asia. They are accustomed to tightening their belts and to go along without consumer commodities which are a main necessity in other states. They live under a police regime which knows how to wring the last advantage from the most refractory situation, and possesses the indomitable will to do so.

The Russians will squeeze themselves dry, and build, if necessary, without money or credits, exploiting their native resources on a scale dwarfing anything ever contemplated before.

Under the latest blueprint, by 1950 the devastated areas are to be completely rebuilt. The economic structure of the nation is to have a total overhauling and to become the last word in modernity.

The capacity of the Soviet Union to compete on equal terms with the most advanced industrial nations is observable throughout Soviet Asia. As a single instance, at Magnitogorsk in the very midst of the continuing crisis of war, a series of gigantic blast furnaces were built, said to be larger than any in Europe. The mills, furnaces, machine shops and plants of this single mushrooming area are reported to cover more than 32 square miles.

The U. S., once profligate in its expenditure of a seemingly endless store of natural wealth, rapidly is becoming a have-not nation. Many of its critical materials such as tin, rubber, kapok, quinine and tropical oils, come from abroad. It is possible to substitute for some by synthetic manufacture. Our stockpiles on others are critically low.

Of 21 of the 33 minerals strategically required in our industry, we possess less than a 35-year supply. More than half of the materials contained in an American motor car must be imported, many of them from faraway places. Our reserves of easily accessible high-grade iron ores will be exhausted in eight years, at present rate of consumption. Our position with reference to asbestos, quartz, lead, zinc, and many of the ferroalloys is a poor one. We have practically run out of bauxite, mercury, platinum, chromite, nickel,

and tungsten, all essential to warfare.

As the cycle of Russian growth matures, the U. S. may find itself not only outnumbered and outweighed but strategically surrounded. This envelopment movement would be made complete by the loss of Latin America, a possibility, which cannot be wholly discounted.

With regard to atomic weapons, where we now hold unqualified superiority, our tenure of power may be brief. Potential enemies functioning in the greatest secrecy might improve greatly on known methods of manufacture and delivery of such weapons, or devise countermeasures to limit their effectiveness. While this question represents a venture into the unknown, and undoubtedly is highly debatable, it would be foolhardy to consider our present superiority of military strength a permanent feature of our existence.

If the U. S. is not to play the part of Carthage to the growing might of the Eurasian colossus which is rising like a new Rome to dominate the next 1,000 years of history, it will have to blueprint its peacetime strategy exactly as it did its war policy. In an integrated world, a policy without over-all durability is one based on aimless drifting, and on the hope of muddling through by sheer luck and power.

Particularly in a democracy, such a course will prove suffocating to the true interests of the state. It will involve the country in alternate irresolution and choleric petulance. In crisis it will produce not the icy clarity the national polity will require, but discor-

ant weakness, and our own crop of Daladiers and Reynauds, men whose feet will be mired in the past and who will see no choice in the deadlock of straitened emergency but to yield to circumstance.

The Russians believe the U. S. is approaching the worst economic crash in its history, a structural collapse from which our institutions will not be able to crawl out intact. This shattering crisis, says the noted Soviet economist, Prof. Eugene Vagin, will begin in from two to four years, following a cycle of overproduction. It will drag all the other capitalist countries down with it, in significant contrast to the U. S. S. R., where an "absence of crisis" will be a beneficent influence on those countries which are linked economically to the U. S. S. R.

It is manifestly true that if we are to fight the Russians, the time to do so is now. Mereweight of power would give us the victory, but it would not be bought cheaply. The Russians would fight desperately, and their country would have to be taken village by village. It would not be conquered finally until it had been reduced practically to a desert.

Whether a preventive war were justified or not, it would be impossible of any serious contemplation. Our people would not agree to such a procedure, which they would regard as monstrous. It is in the nature of democracy that the people do not want war, and will not organize for it until it literally has been thrust upon them.

There would be even graver doubts

as to the remaining resources at our disposal to sustain so colossal an adventure. The terrible demands which would be made on our already depleted economy would impoverish the nation so that it would not recover for generations.

To achieve our victory and to maintain it, we would have to evolve a mechanistic order, worshipping at the shrine of scientific materialism and the efficiencies of a cooperative robot society. The result would be an American century, not essentially different from the Nazi New Order, or the feared bolshevik world control, in its effect. The concept of human freedom would fade, and be regarded as a relic of a quaintly backward and inefficient period of human life.

If the Soviets could manage to survive such a war, it conceivably could yield them compensations. The Russians would prefer to achieve their ends by political means rather than by war, but they are used to paying an expensive price for a desired result. It is Marxist dogma that the existing order must be torn down in a huge conflagration of violence if necessary, so that the communist world can be built upon its remains.

What would be to us an unqualified disaster might be to the U. S. S. R. a necessary step in the historical evolution of world society.

If we wish to avert eventual defeat for this country, we must recognize that the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. must reorganize the world along federal principles. This is a responsibility we

must share with the Soviet Union if the world is not to experience the most ruinous conflict it yet has seen.

If America is to have any policy at all short of that projected by the war party, the expansion of the Russians must be regarded not as a menace to be counteracted, but as an example to be followed. We have yet to make a proposition to the Russians based on a bold global-sized plan of settlement, which would embrace an acceptable conclusion as to the future of the Orient, as well as what remains of Europe. No one yet has proposed to them that the next steps to human unity be that of consolidating the world into its natural regional universes, thus reducing the present chaos into some semblance of order.

Russian ambitions may cause such a plan to fail. The Kremlin may see itself cast in the role of master of the world, and be reluctant to yield its opportunities. Nevertheless, such speculations are altogether conjectural, for the effort has not been made. Were the Russians aware of our determination to bring the matter to an issue at the present peak moment of our strength, it is entirely possible that some basic conclusion could be arrived at.

This involves one single important step toward which the entire history of this hemisphere has pointed from the beginning: the federation of the states of the West into a common union. The American federal system, like the Russian, is theoretically capable of embracing the entire globe. The historic course followed by the U. S. has been

one of unqualified expansionism, differing from the classic imperialisms only in the fact that its end purpose was federal amalgamation and not the exploitation for profit of other humans.

We bought Louisiana, Alaska and Florida without bothering about consulting the wishes of the inhabitants of those territories. When Colombia refused to grant us permission to build a canal across her province of Panama, we stimulated a revolution in the Isthmus, and like the Russians in Azerbaijan, prevented the legal authorities from landing to put the revolt down. We took away Mexico's northern territories by force, and were turned back from a similar seizure of Canada by a military defeat. Even then the 13 states continued to look nostalgically toward Canada as an unredeemed portion of their estate. In the original American Articles of Confederation it was stipulated that "Canada acceding to this Confederation, and joining in the measures of the U. S., shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this union." In the course of the long national policy of benevolent imperialism we acquired the then largely Latin Texas and California as free states, and similarly accepted Hawaii as a territory on the petition of her citizens.

In each case the revolt against the previously constituted authorities, and the subsequent request for admittance into the American union, was led or stimulated by Americans.

As in all expansionism, the methods employed were sometimes more zeal

ous than nice; but the historic result was the achievement of new thresholds of prosperity, security and freedom, perhaps unequalled before in human experience. All of this was a sign of the irrepressible energies which boiled in the veins of the young republic. If today we have lost our capacity to grow, and to adjust ourselves to the new conditions of existence, then our civilization has become old and brittle.

Once the union was formed, even though it were not complete in the beginning, the social and economic benefits of this great act of political agglutination would be clear to everyone. All of the western states eventually would be forced to follow suit. The greater union would become a giant lodestone whose terrific magnetism could not be resisted. Its economic power, both as buyer and seller, as well as its gigantic cultural, military, and financial resources, would give it the same force of destiny now enjoyed by the Russians.

Now while the clock of destiny is striking is our great chance. It is all very well to talk of our moral superior-

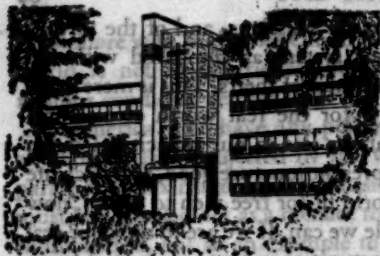
ity to the Russians, and of the virtues of our system as compared with the wickedness of theirs. This is mere vain-glory; for the real worth of our protestations lies in our capacity to make the present juncture good, and to create a world fit for free men to live in, now while we can. If we are to miss our real opportunities in favor of a net of beautiful phrases which describe the glories of collaboration and unity but do not provide the framework for it, we shall find ourselves like Hannibal after the great victory at Cannae, imprisoned in the unhappiness of a lost occasion.

It is this moment which is the test of our right and ability to survive. If we can master it we shall be able to guarantee our future security by our own conscious action, independent of the buffeting of circumstance and the aggressive designs of others. At the same time we will have taken a long step forward, toward that ideal which should be the goal and one day must be the destiny of man: the application of universal law to the basic and overriding problems of universal man.

Caritas

Charity is one of the most misunderstood words in our language, for we hear people say that they do not want charity, whereas it is one thing of which no one can have enough, either in himself or shown to him by others. The reason charity is so misunderstood is because people try to use it in a sense apart from God. It cannot be used rightly in this way, nor can it be understood in such a sense, for it is fundamentally a love of God. The service of others is only charity when it is the expression of a love of others, and that love in turn has as its source the love of God.

The Catholic Nurse (Sept. '45).



WHY THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL?

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the

*Ave Maria**

WHY DOES the Catholic Church erect her own schools, grade schools, high schools, colleges and universities? This question demands an answer that will make clear to all citizens why the Church goes to such enormous expense and sacrifice to establish her system of schools.

The Church has nothing but admiration and gratitude for the vast army of men and women who labor in our public schools. Because of the variety of religious faiths among our citizens, however, it has been thus far impossible to find a way to teach religion in the public schools.

Because the Church believes in God, in Jesus Christ, and in His teachings, because she believes in the immortal destiny of the human soul and in the divinely appointed means for attainment of that destiny, she establishes schools wherein those truths can be taught.

Not only does the Catholic school teach these truths; she makes them the very core of the curriculum. Just as the heart pumps the life-giving blood through all parts of the body, so religion invests all subjects of the curriculum with deep significance and

shows how they are related to development of the spiritual life of man and achievement of his ultimate destiny. It causes them all to be viewed and evaluated in the light of eternity.

All the sciences are thus perceived to be so many fields wherein God's mind is mirrored in the laws of nature, which proclaim His wisdom and power. The omnipresence of law throughout the vast universe, from the throbbing heart of the atom to the galaxy of stars that swing through the most distant regions of immeasurable space, heralds the presence of God throughout His creation and makes man feel at home in God's house. The laws of nature, which reduce the multiplicity of phenomena to the unity of principle and the orderliness of plan, are but the ordinances which the divine Mind has woven into warp and woof of every particle of matter. Hence the study of all the sciences becomes the deciphering of the divine Mind as reflected in the orderliness of nature whose activities are shot through with plan and purpose from center to circumference.

Religion integrates all subjects of the curriculum into a unified whole. God, Christ, and His truths are its center.

**Notre Dame, Ind. Sept. 7, 1946.*

In the Catholic school, Christ is no outcast. He occupies the throne of honor and His teachings constitute her code of ethics. The Catholic school system, stretching from kindergarten to the university and educating nearly 3 million, erected and maintained without a penny of state aid by the people who love it, is the greatest moral fact in America.

The Church establishes her schools because she knows that religious education is essential for the well-rounded development of youth. No education is complete without development of character. But character in the best sense cannot be developed without faith in God.

Ethics, devoid of religion, offers no unconditional, categorical imperatives for moral conduct under all the changing circumstances of human life. This religion alone can do. It can do it because God is everywhere, sees all things, and metes out rewards and punishments with infallible accuracy. No one can cheat God or throw dust in His eyes. This point is central in the philosophy of Catholic education.

Precepts based upon ethics alone may sound well and invoke lip service; but they crack under strain. They lack the authority in the domain of the conscience and the will of man. Religion provides the best incentives for the building of a strong and noble character and for the living of a virtuous life. It puts teeth into the moral law and renders it functional, while so-called ethical culture amounts to little more than pretty rhetoric. God and religion

constitute the only enduring basis of morality and character.

It is this important truth which George Washington uttered in his famous Farewell Address, a truth which he wanted to keep forever before the eyes of his countrymen. "Reason and experience," he said, "both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

The most effective remedy for juvenile delinquency is to be found in the practice of religion and in the sensitizing of the individual's conscience to the constant presence of God. If parents will set the example and provide for the religious and moral training of their children in home and school, the blight of juvenile delinquency will vanish overnight. More effective than brass-buttoned policemen in prompting youth to observe the laws of justice, decency, and honor is a conscience sensitive to the command of God in all the relationships of life.

Culture alone does not save. Cardinal Newman has given an impressive statement of this important truth. "Carve the granite with a razor," he says, "moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passions and the pride of men." More important than a keen mind in seeing God is a clean conscience and a pure heart.

The answer to the threat of the atomic bomb is to be found in universal religious education which stress-

es the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the duty of treating all men and nations with justice, mercy and love. In the unswerving application of Christ's law of justice, tempered with charity, America and the U. S., will find the only solution of the problem threatening the existence of the race.

Science can make bigger and better atomic bombs, and can pile up rocket planes. Those inventions of science only make for more devastating global wars if the conscience and character of men are left untouched by the ethical teachings of Christ. What we need to learn to control is not the atomic bomb but the user of the bomb.

Instead of spending billions on instruments of destruction and a mere pittance on moral and religious education, why not reverse the process? Why not engage in a global crusade to wipe out race prejudices and hatreds, to teach men justice and righteousness,

the Golden Rule, and Christ's law of all-embracing love? Why not devise some way of getting religious education to the youth of our land before we become a pagan nation?

Peace rests on the moral character of men and nations, and the basis of character and morality is religion. A recognition of God as basis of the moral law and the wellspring of the rights of man is a necessary prelude to the building of a just and enduring peace among the nations of the world.

A man may walk intellectually among the stars and grovel morally among the swine. The Catholic school exists that youth may walk morally as well as intellectually among the stars, that conscience may be attuned to the voice of God. The Catholic school is a bulwark of America, a mighty fortress against the forces of communism, fascism, and irreligion; a citadel where the young are taught to love neighbor, country, and God.

When news of the Japanese surrender reached the U. S. warships anchored in Apra harbor, Guam, there was immediate activity on the bridge of each ship as the signalmen vied with each other in hoisting their alphabet flags in clever remarks.

"Home by Xmas," "Finis," and "V-J Day" were flying from most of the halyards. "We Dood It" was displayed from the mainmast of a destroyer, and an Iowa-class battleship flew the signal for "Cease Present Exercises."

Then there was a moment of strange silence amid the shrill blasts of horns and whistles as a small tug steamed up the main channel of the harbor. From her yardarm eight small flags spelled out the simple phrase "Thank God."

Tom Mackie

† Interfaith Movement †

By THOMAS F. DOYLE

Condensed from the *Marianist**

IT IS 34 years since Pope Pius XII proclaimed that "Catholics have the right, with all due safeguards, to unite with non-Catholics for the common good, in bettering the state, in obtaining juster wages and fairer working conditions, and for any good and useful project." These words are found in the encyclical *Singulari Quadam* addressed to the bishops of Germany at a time when the question of Catholic membership in mixed trade unions was being debated.

Since that time, well-defined movements have developed in the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, South Africa, China, and many European countries to provide impetus for what Pope Pius XII in December, 1939, described as "a noble and holy crusade for the purification and rebirth of society."

Pope Pius XII has repeatedly endorsed cooperation by Catholics with "all men of good will" toward the general aim of restoring peaceful conditions throughout the world and assuring respect for the political, economic, and moral rights of all nations and peoples.

In the U. S., one of the most notable declarations urging Catholics to cooperate with men of other faiths in helping "to rebuild civilization" was

issued by Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, and six bishops of Texas and Oklahoma in 1942. "For the sake of God and humanity, let us," the bishops admonished, "continue to extend collaboration in those worthwhile movements that are calculated to hasten the day of enduring peace, of justice, charity, and good will."

Numerous as Catholics are, they know they alone cannot establish nor maintain world peace. The clear conclusion is that Catholics must cooperate with Protestants and Jews in Europe and America, with pagans in China and India, and even with atheists in Russia, provided those men are motivated by good will and accept the fundamentals of the natural law. In his encyclical to the American people, *Sertum Laetitiae*, Pius XII declared, "It is only by united and concerted action that we can foster great plans. For that reason, we are impelled by charity to invite here the cooperation of those whom Mother Church mourns as separated from her communion."

The beginning of a much greater cooperation between Catholics and non-Catholics in Europe at large and England in particular was the "Joint Statement on Cooperation" issued in May, 1942, by the Sword of the Spirit

*108 Franklin St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. August-September, 1946.

movement founded by the late Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, and the Protestant Religion and Life movement.

Cooperation by individuals of different faiths is generally understood to mean efforts to secure innovations, changes or improvements in civic, social, and political spheres which are of universal benefit. This cooperation has frequently taken the form of parallel declarations on goals considered desirable in these fields. The Pattern for Peace formulated by religious leaders of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths in the U. S. in 1944 was an outstanding example of this kind of cooperation. So were the joint protests by Catholic and Protestant church leaders in Europe during the period of nazi domination.

Several instances in the U. S. in which Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen acted as joint mediators in labor disputes have illustrated interfaith cooperation in its "practical" forms. A recent example in Liverpool, England, was the formation of a joint religious committee to study juvenile delinquency. During the war, great numbers of Catholics and Protestants, by their joint efforts on behalf of persecuted Jews in Europe, helped to write the most dramatic good-will story of all time. A sequel is being written today in collaboration of men of various faiths to relieve hunger and poverty among Europe's war-stricken millions. In Austria recently Protestant leaders voiced gratitude for food supplies sent by the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference to

Vienna's undernourished children. In other countries, Protestants and Catholics have formed groups to assist Jewish survivors stripped of their possessions by the nazis.

In his 1942 Christmas allocution, addressed to Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics, Pope Pius laid down the principles on which cooperation can be carried out. They are all based on the natural law: promotion of social institutions, rejection of materialism, collaboration toward a complete rehabilitation of the juridical order, cooperation in setting up a state conception and practice founded on reasonable discipline and tempered by a responsible Christian spirit.

In no instance does interfaith action, as far as Catholics are concerned, permit any attempt to ignore fundamental religious differences between Catholics and those of other beliefs. Strictly forbidden by the Catholic Church are attempts to introduce a *communicatio in sacris* by holding corporate prayers or otherwise partaking in what appears to be "mixed" religious services. A recent case in point concerned the Christian Council of Leicester, England, which was formed in 1942 by Protestant and Catholic representatives, but had to be abolished because the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham would not tolerate Catholics joining in corporate prayer.

Catholics are cautioned, to cite some other restrictions, against taking part in public conferences with non-Catholics on points of faith; joining in projects which expose them to the preach-

ing of heresy; or engaging in any type of joint enterprise that might cause scandal to others or seemingly suggest that "one religion is as good as another." No matter what good is sought, Catholics may not compromise on doctrinal tenets nor equivocate about the Church's teachings.

In the U.S., valid cooperation by Catholics in interfaith projects has followed a formula enunciated by Father J. Elliott Ross, former professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America, "In all things religious, we Protestants, Catholics, and Jews can be as separate as the fingers of a man's outstretched hand; in all things civic and American, we can be as united as a man's clenched fist."

The work of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, which has Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish co-chairmen, has largely been directed toward indoctrinating the American people with the need of intergroup cooperation in promoting the common good. It has been responsible for brotherhood weeks held every February for the last 13 years to carry the message of good will into churches, schools, clubs, theaters, and community centers throughout the country.

Last May the National Committee on Atomic Information enlisted the support of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders to remove atomic energy from military control. This was the first time in history that science and religion joined forces to cope with social and religious challenges posed by revolutionary advances which had been

made in the field of nuclear physics.

Other interfaith high lights of the year were the appointment of the National Conference of Christians and Jews to cooperate with and serve as advisors to the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations; and the "Save Europe Now" campaign launched by the St. Joseph Council of United Churches at South Bend, Ind., with the support of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

Last November the Department of Justice announced a plan to set up a 12-man advisory group of clergymen of the three faiths to cooperate in a campaign to save teen-age lawbreakers from careers of crime.

Other keynote events of the year were participation of clergymen of the major faiths in public observances marking V-J day; appointment of a nine-man Illinois National Interfaith Commission "to promote and encourage interfaith harmony and good will"; and introduction of a joint resolution in Congress providing for a commission to select a suitable form and site for a national interfaith memorial to honor the contributions of members of all faiths to American military and naval history.

These instances illustrate the wide variety of ways in which American Protestants, Catholics, and Jews can safely and usefully cooperate without compromise of their individual beliefs. The last year has also witnessed important developments in Europe.

Unity among Christians everywhere in promoting international good will

and combating antireligious influences is the goal of *Unitas*, a Catholic-sponsored movement founded in Rome, first of its kind to be endorsed by Pope Pius XII.

The British Council of Christians and Jews, of which Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, is Catholic joint president, announced it has made steady progress since its formation in 1942.

Relations between Catholics and Protestants in Germany are more cordial than ever, largely because of bonds established in fighting the common enemy of nazism. An unprecedented event was the launching of an interfaith good-will organization in Frankfurt, a major aim of which will be to help "make up" for the persecution suffered by Jews in Germany. Other interfaith high spots in Germany were the joint appeal issued by Protestant and Catholic relief agencies in the form of a poster displaying interlocked Protestant and Catholic symbols; and the announcement by Dr. Otto Fricke, director of public relations of the Evangelical church, that German Protestants and Catholics have joined in an unofficial national political program to help establish a new order in Germany based on Christian principles. According to the Catholic Bishop Antonio Hilfrich, of Limburg, one of the immediate aims of the Protestant-Catholic coalition is to aid the millions of displaced and homeless persons from Silesia and the Sudetenland.

In Austria a new era of cooperation between Catholics and Protestants to-

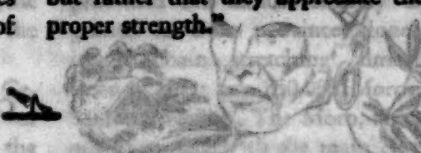
ward common social ends has replaced traditional bitterness. Good will was shown during the war by Catholic leaders who placed churches at the disposal of Evangelical preachers and by Protestant authorities who reciprocated by giving bombed-out Catholics use of their buildings. According to Evangelical Bishop Gerhard May of Vienna, Austrian Evangelicals are "dropping nationalism and politics from religion and are seeking a new positive attitude toward the Catholic Church."

In Zurich the Christian-Jewish Association for Resisting Anti-Semitism, formed last May, marked the first time that leaders of the three faiths in Switzerland have cooperated on a national scale. A somewhat similar group has been set up in Budapest by Protestants, Catholics, and Jews to combat postwar anti-Semitism in Hungary, and meanwhile Protestant and Catholic leaders are reinforcing friendships developed during the period of nazi control by their united front against threatened communist assaults on the nation's religious life.

Undoubtedly the major incentive toward interfaith cooperation, in the difficult postwar period, at least, will be the need for unity of action in combating antireligious tendencies threatening the moral and social order. In this respect, cooperation may become an inescapable obligation. To Catholics who look hopefully to an alliance with all men of good will to overcome forces of evil, there is this message of confidence and reassurance from the Holy Father

in his address to the College of Cardinals last June, "It is a point of capital importance in this hour that Catholics and all who observe the Decalogue of

God do not permit themselves to be frightened by anything in the world, but rather that they appreciate their proper strength."



The Polluted Spring

I'm a fellow who goes along as smooth as six wheels on a baby carriage.

But when I pick up a modern book I start to shake like grass in a hula hula. Never in the history of literature has there been such stuff printed under the protective banner of free and independent speech.

They say the right of free gossip does not entitle you to holler fire in a crowded theater. Therefore, the privilege of untrammelled pamphletage does not endow you with the inalienable right of yelling filth in print.

Each season we seem to have a best seller that smells just a bit worse than the champion of the year before. And why should you browse in a bookstore and pick up something in your hands that a farmer wouldn't want to get on his shoes?

Vulgar talk, eh? Sure. But mild compared to the smut printed, bound, and retailed under the name of romance. There is a place for everything in this world except a lap dog with mange, or a dirty book. Of the two,

I will take my chances with the four-legged dandruff.

If that old lady in the porch rocker heard what she was reading, she would slap somebody in the face. Here is a question I asked 25 years ago. Are there different sets of morals for ear trumpets and thick bifocals?

Riddle me that and you may have the answer to gummy novels. The literature is sure getting tough and realistic.

Twenty or 30 years ago some punk got out a book of smutty anecdotes and credited them to well-known persons. My name was on one of them. I have been looking for that rat ever since. Some businessman printed that book. It was sold under the counter in hundreds of cities, including Boston.

I claim when you do something like that, when you write, print, sell, or buy anything like that, you have committed the unpardonable crime, since man first quenched his thirst for knowledge.

You have polluted a spring.

Arthur "Bugs" Baer in the *San Francisco Examiner* (12 July '46).



Can We Convert THE MOROS?

Condensed from the *Oblate-World**

THE RED-HAIRED priest of Cotabato, Republic of the Philippines, had published all his regulations when school opened. All 400 boys and girls of Notre Dame High school should have heard them. One was that no student shall smoke on the campus.

Great was the priest's fury when he saw that regulation being nonchalantly ignored by one 18-year-old. Now was the time to impress ideas of discipline. The priest headed swiftly toward the offender, who hastily threw away a half-smoked cigarette.

"You were smoking on the school grounds?"

"Yes, Father."

"You know that is contrary to the regulations."

"No, Father."

"No, Father? I announced that regulation to all. You must have heard me."

"I do not recall it, Father."

"If you do not recall it, how is it that you threw your cigarette away when you saw me coming?"

No answer. (A crowd had gathered.) The priest broke the silence, "I judge that you knowingly violated the regu-

lation. Therefore, you shall remain after class tonight and write 100 times, 'I shall not smoke on the campus again.'"

Consternation raced through the students. One of the crowd hesitantly stepped forward. "Father, may I speak to you for a moment?"

In a whisper: "Father, you do not know. That boy is a Moro. He's the Datu's son. You can't punish him."

The red-haired priest turned again to the culprit. "You are a Moro and the son of the Datu?"

"Yes, Father."

"You, being son of the chief, are an important person among your people. You are a leader. You should give them a good example. Therefore, you shall write what I told you, not 100 times, but 200."

That happened at the beginning of the last school term in Cotabato. Of the 400 students, fewer than a dozen were Moros; the rest, Catholics. But the consternation of the Christians at the fact that the priest would dare punish a Moro, especially the Datu's son, underscores a great problem facing the missionary in the territory confided to the care of American Oblates.

Of the 650,000 Moros in all the Philippine Islands, more than 400,000 are in the provinces of Cotabato and Sulu, the Philippines "Oblate Land." There, the Moro question is very real.

We were interviewing Father Gerard Mongeau, O.M.I., superior of the American Oblate missions in the Philippines. Imprisoned by Japanese during the war, he fell so ill that his fellow internees nearly despaired of him. He attributes recovery to the requiem Masses offered by grief-stricken relatives who heard rumors he had been tortured to death.

As he told the story of Father Frank McSorley, formerly of Philadelphia, and the Datu's son, soft-spoken Father Mongeau was thinking, not of the past, but of the present. As far as he is concerned, the Moro is the present problem.

The Moro is Mohammedan. He is of Malayan origin, as are the majority of Filipinos. But, while most came under Spanish influence following Magellan's discovery of them in 1521, the southernmost parts of the islands were in contact with Mohammedan traders, who spread among them their own religion.

Through centuries the Moro successfully resisted the might of the then great Spanish empire. He resisted not only political and military power, but also attempts of Spanish friars to Christianize him. At the time the U. S. took over, the Moro was still unconquered and unconverted. Even throughout the period of our control the Moro retained a practical autonomy. And he still

remained unconverted to Christianity.

Christians now in Cotabato and Sulu provinces are almost entirely immigrants. In Sulu province alone, the island chain stretching almost to Borneo, there are 250,000 Moros and 5,000 Christians. The Moro, although out of contact with the main currents of Islamism, remains a proud, ferocious religious fanatic, does not regard himself as a Filipino, and has his own language and laws.

Among such neighbors the Christian must accept a minority position.

"The Moro must not be offended," is an axiom where Christians are outnumbered 50 to one and where a *juramentado* may appear at any moment.

A *juramentado* is "one who has taken an oath." He goes before a Mohammedan leader and takes a solemn oath to kill one or more Christians, and to keep on killing until he himself is killed. His head is ceremoniously shaven, his vulnerable arteries bound with tourniquets, so he may continue to kill after being seriously wounded, and a giant sword or saber-like knife is placed in his hand. Thus prepared, the *juramentado* invades a village or even the main street of a town, slashing and beheading Christians until he himself falls before the rifles of the constabulary and terror-stricken citizenry. A Moro's religion teaches him that he who dies in an oathbound murder of a Christian rides on a white horse straight to the Mohammedan heaven.

Obstacles to conversion of the Moro people are imposing. The ferocious hostility of the Moro male precludes

direct approach, and even the Catholic mission school fails to help. The average Moro child, except in the largest towns, does not go to school. Datus do not welcome education for the mass of their people, as they fear that with a rising level of education, the tightly held reins of despotic authority will be loosened. Rarely, a Catholic school will find a few Moros among its students. Notre Dame High in Cotabato has a few more students because the public school, closed by the war, was late in reopening.

Up to now, the few Moro converts who have been made by the Oblates in Cotabato and Sulu have come into contact with the Church through intermarriage. From time to time, a Moro girl does marry a Christian man. In such cases, the Mora often becomes a Christian. This method of conversion, however, fails to touch the masses.

Despite this bleak outlook, the priest who came back from a too early grave has ideas. Health conditions among Moros are deplorable, with whole families and tribes scourged by tropical skin diseases, and out of this factor

emerges Father Mongeau's plan for the future.

Health clinics located at strategic points throughout the provinces, and staffed by missionary Sisters, would, he is sure, answer his problem. To such clinics, the Mora and her children would come. The missionary Sister could visit the Mora in her home, something a priest cannot do. Through the health clinic the Moro family could be brought into contact with the Church.

Religion and medicine can work together in Moroland, but medicine, in a nun's hand, must lead the way. To Father Mongeau, who has lived among the Moros and studied the history of past attempts to convert them, that is the only avenue of approach.

Where will Sisters be found? Father Mongeau is certain that somewhere in the U. S. there must be a community of Religious women willing to undertake the task. Somewhere in this vast land of ours, he says, there must be Sisters looking for a new, difficult field in which to win souls for Christ. If only he and they could meet . . .

Simonov's Burden

When Konstantin Simonov, soviet author and newspaperman, was leaving this country for Russia, he carried, in addition to suits, caps, watches and ties for himself, the following items for his wife: two fur-trimmed coats, eight pairs of shoes, six hats from Lilly Daché, lingerie, 24 pairs of nylon stockings, five leather bags, 12 Reynolds pens, three radios, 12 belts, and a mess of other stuff, including a refrigerator.

The Ave Maria (July 20, '46).

Unbaken student

Earthquake and a Girl

By GEORGE KILLENBERG

Condensed from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat**

AN EARTHQUAKE and a 3¢ stamp moved a young Texas girl, who wished to be a schoolteacher like her mother, to a position of renown as one of the two outstanding women seismologists in the world. Now assistant professor of geophysics at the St. Louis University Institute of Geophysical Technology, 36-year-old Dr. Florence Robertson believes she probably would be a teacher of mathematics or physics had it not been for the earthquake. The quake rocked her away from physics in 1936 at Texas Technological institute at Lubbock, where she was completing work on a master's degree.

"If you want to study earthquakes, Father James B. Macelwane of St. Louis University is best in the field," E. F. George, head of the physics department at Texas Tech, advised her.

Her problem was to finance additional study. She had returned to Tech on a fellowship after spending three years early in the depression helping her mother, who died in 1933. Her father died in 1911, two years after she was born at Paris, Texas.

But Professor George's recommendation, given at the close of the summer session, coincided with arrival of

notices of fellowships, including one from the department of geophysics at St. Louis University.

"Here's your chance," he said.

"I'd never have a chance," she demurred.

"It won't cost you a cent to try," urged George. "To prove it, here's a 3¢ stamp for your letter."

A fervent "I told you so" was on her lips when she received a letter from Father Macelwane, S.J., telling her the vacancy had been filled.

"I was about to get into a taxi, leaving Tech, and wondering about the future," she said, "when a telegram came from Father Macelwane, inquiring if I wanted the fellowship, and stating a letter would follow. I dismissed the cab and waited for the letter. It wasn't much, \$333 and tuition, but those were depression days and it was a big opportunity."

St. Louis was at its blistering worst when she arrived in September, 1936, dressed in her "fall best."

"I was broke; it was a poor little country girl's first trip to a big city, and I was scared."

Ten years later that "little country girl" was acting chairman of a conference of scientists at the annual meeting

*1133 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, 1, Mo. July 30, 1946.

of the eastern section of the Seismological Society of America. The meeting was held at the institute several weeks ago.

"Assistant professor of geophysics," mused Lt. Com. E. B. Roberts of Washington, D. C., chief of the division of geomagnetism and seismology of the federal Coast and Geodetic Survey. "That does sound like a big title for such a young woman. But, as far as I know, there are only two renowned women seismologists in the world, and she is one of them. The other is Miss I. Lehmann, head of the Danish Seismological Service in Copenhagen."

Dr. Perry Byerly, head of the seismological department at the University of California, secretary of the Seismological Society of America, and member of the exclusive National Academy of Science, interposed, "Man or woman, she is a prominent member of a small and restricted class. She is an eminent theorist, and what's more unusual for a woman, teaches geophysical prospecting, which requires mechanical knowledge and skill as well."

The Jesuit's institute has attained international stature under leadership of Father Macelwane, who established the department of geophysics. A "secret weapon" for the navy was developed under Father Macelwane's guidance. It is a method of tracking down storms and hurricanes at sea by means of seismographs, which record vibrations in the earth caused by the pounding of storm-lashed seas.

"Hurricanes were detected as much as two days earlier than with conven-

tional methods, and at distances as great as 4,000 miles," Commander Roberts said.

Miss Robertson had a significant part, too, in the basic research on a vital discovery developed by Father J. E. Ramirez, S.J., former faculty member.

Miss Robertson, small, with quick humor and pleasant, frequent smile, has a knack of using graphic examples to simplify technical explanations. She lapsed into scientific terminology only infrequently in a lengthy interview; and it was difficult to visualize her as author of papers similar to "A Mathematical Analysis of Numerical Integration of Electromagnetic Seismograms," a 214-page dissertation she wrote for the Ph.D. she received from the university in 1945.

She is as skilled in mechanics as in theory. Colleagues report that "when she can't find what's wrong with an instrument, it's a job for the factory." The mechanical flair is an asset in her teaching of geophysical prospecting, which uses many complicated and exact instruments in seeking hidden deposits of petroleum and minerals.

There is an unsatiated demand by industry for geophysicists, and the university's staff has all the extracurricular activities it can handle. At the time of the interview, Father Macelwane and Dr. Ross Heinrich were in Indiana analyzing problems for a coal-mine operator.

"Man-made earthquakes" set up by quarry blasts and recorded in near-by homes are some of the extra work Dr. Robertson has handled. By measuring

the force of the blasts with seismographs, information is given quarry operators as to the maximum charges they may use without damaging homes close by.

St. Louis University is focal point of the Jesuit Seismological Association and data from their stations and others all over the world flow in daily for analysis. Many reports were interrupted by the war, but the first report from Germany was received recently from a station at Strasbourg.

Still in operation in the university's administration building is the first seismograph installed in this area. It is not as sensitive as present instruments, yet paradoxically picks up street traffic which later models ignore. Other seismographs under the university's jurisdiction are in a vault in the university gymnasium; at the Jesuit Seminary at Florissant, Mo.; at Southeast Missouri State Teachers College, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; and at St. John's College, Little Rock, Ark. The latter two seis-

mographs are maintained and read by the staffs of the two schools and form a system of triangulation for determining exact location of local quakes.

Dr. Robertson is a convert to Catholicism. "I was curious," she said, "and asked questions. Father Macelwane's answers were convincing, and I made my First Communion in 1938."

A member of numerous scientific organizations, she also is chairman of the Missouri geophysics section of the Academy of Science, secretary of St. Louis chapter of Sigma Chi, scientific society, and secretary of the eastern section, Seismological Society of America.

Was there anything else, besides the earthquake and the gift stamp, which had helped shape her career?

"I always was inclined toward mathematics," she responded, "but if there was any one thing, it was a high-school essay I put off for weeks on the subject, 'The Joy of Putting Things Off.' That effort convinced me that science was my field."

A rabble-rousing Klansman whom he heard in Oklahoma City provided David Goldstein with one of his funniest anecdotes. After working the crowd into an anti-Catholic frenzy, the KKK speaker announced solemnly:

"And now, my friends, I am going to tell you this: The Roman Catholic priesthood believes in celibacy, and those R.C. priests not only believe in celibacy but they actually practice it. Mark you this: unless the free American citizens of Oklahoma rise up and suppress these monsters, the day is not far distant when you will see celibacy practiced openly on the streets of Oklahoma City."

Goldstein delighted in relating this story whenever someone asked him, "Why don't priests get married?" And that query was put to him more often than any other during his years of street preaching.

Joseph T. Nolan in the *St. Anthony Messenger* (Sept. '46).

★ Red Army Soldier ★

By JOHN DALGLEISH

Condensed from
*Blackfriars**

I HAVE KNOWN a hundred Ivans, the "Tommy Atkinses" of the Red Army. I have seen them in this aftermath of war. My knowledge is colored by the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental minds. This barrier is a constant difficulty, necessitating a re-examination of every event. For instance, there was the Red Army soldier who deprived an Austrian of his radio, then, as he was leaving, dug his free hand beneath his tunic, brought forth a jade ornament, and thrust it at the Austrian, saying, "A present for me from Hungary. I give it to you for this present" (pointing to the radio set). Was the word *present* meant humorously, as you and I might have said it? Or did the Red Army soldier interpret finding as keeping? Closer acquaintance with Ivan shows that it is legal for the Red Army soldier to possess what he finds, as long as the article is not required by the state. Hence, there was no humor or veiled sarcasm in the soldier's remark to the Austrian.

The Russian soldiers whom we met in the occupation forces were nearly 100% Asiatic types.

This is the Ivan we must examine. What has been his background? Essen-



tially he is a peasant, with a near strain of the nomad. His home has been the inhospitable steppe. His life has been an unending struggle against hardship. Civilization has been a remote, unknown world. Authority, wielded by some unseen power, is exercised by the local farm overseer, whose word is law from which there is no appeal.

Ivan has seen no railway, motor car (except, perhaps a farm tractor or harvester at certain seasons of the year), town, electric light, coal, bricks, nor clothes (other than rude local products). In fact, Ivan's world has been bounded by the few acres surrounding his hut, and his associates the few humans and animals which could co-exist alongside him.

From time to time the overseer would call together the workers of the communal farm and announce the "state" requirements of the farm, which meant the quantity of the produce the farm must send away to the uncomprehended world outside. The declaration would be accompanied by a communist harangue, interspersed with the words, "*Tyerpis nada*" (You must suffer), and ending with the promise of the eventual Elysium on earth.

*Oxford, England. August, 1946.

Ivan lived crudely. His home was built from thin branches of scrub (for trees were nonexistent) and walled with cow dung. The overseer probably enjoyed a more luxurious dwelling, built from mud bricks. The animals lived in the open through hot, dry summer and cold, icy winter.

It was from this backwater of civilization that Ivan stepped on to the battlefield of Europe. In a few short months the experiences of a normal lifetime were thrust at him.

This is no Ivan of the Red Army poster, portrayed as fighting for the Cause against nazism. He hardly recognizes the Russian language of Europe, much less friend and foe in this fantastic world.

This was the Ivan who fell on Europe, as his forefathers had done centuries before. Except for weapons, clothes, and mobility, Ivan might easily have been one of his own forebears of 1,000 years ago. Both had lived the timeless life of the steppe, and fought against the same rude elements. The one difference was that Ivan had become a squatter, whereas his ancestors had retained freedom of movement.

Ivan came to Rumania, first land of permitted excesses. He saw houses which surpassed his wildest dreams of magnificence; roads that did not dive into two-foot-deep potholes at every step; sleek motor cars that swept past in a swirl of dust, with no oxen between shafts.

He saw great, beautiful buildings, churches, in which no one lived—what

prodigality! He saw farmyards alive with cattle, poultry, pigs, all fat and well cared for. Horses stood in the pastures by the hundred; possession of one would have made the *Kasakh* owner a millionaire! He saw rivers that threw up a bountiful harvest of fish in response to half a dozen hand grenades, or a short attack with a sub-machine gun.

Then Hungary, more fabulous, and, finally, Austria, where East really meets West. Little wonder that Ivan stopped in astonishment at the sight of the Ringstrasse with its graystone architecture. Not surprising that he attacked the Vienna workers' flats, under the impression that anything so magnificent must be capitalistic, whatever *capitalistic* might mean other than "enemy."

Remember the allegations of Russian excesses, the denials, the half-acceptance, and the final generalization, "It is admitted that certain excesses have been committed but these are frowned upon by the Red Army authorities."

In plain words, this was Ivan satisfying his lust. No amount of poetry, no half-truths can alter the fact that Ivan sought out women whenever he reached a new halting place. He commandeered and turned hundreds of thousands of women into camp followers, into the personal chattels of Red Army soldiers.

No one has told the intimate story of those unfortunate women, except in broad terms. There was the 55-year-old Hungarian woman who was uprooted

from her home and family in Budapest, and made the domestic help, the unwilling concubine of three Red Army soldiers. Even now, her nights remain filled with turbulent dreams of the horrors she underwent.

This woman was but one of hundreds of thousands. Perhaps 20 were herded in one truck which I passed when driving through the Russian zone of Austria last autumn. Their eyes were dull and lifeless. The momentary flicker of life and hope that filled them as they saw me going in the opposite direction, died out almost as it was born. I hurried on, ashamed of my own impotence, as I have never been before.

I am no prude. Six years of war made sure that any illusions I had remaining would be destroyed. But this open white slavery frightened me. It was unbelievably anachronistic; and unbelievably real.

I was one of the party which took over the province of Styria from the Russians, who had been in occupation for five months. We were able to investigate in detail the many rumors of Russian conduct. Results of the investigation were more astounding than the rumors.

Ivan, and his comrades, had instituted a scale of payments for noninterference with women. There were countless cases where women had saved themselves from interference by offering Red Army soldiers watches and jewelry.

This brings us to Ivan's love of baubles, the watch holding the place of

honor. Nothing equaled Ivan's adoration of watches and clocks, but primarily watches. Incredible stories are told about watches. There is the story of the Red Army man who walked into a jeweler's shop, carrying a grandfather clock, which he deposited on the counter with the remark, "Tomorrow I will come back for the six watches which you will make for me from this." There are many variants of this story, including the one in which the soldier hands over six "broken" watches for one old timepiece. The recipient of the six watches then discovers that all they need is winding up.

Any of these stories could be true or not. I have seen Red Army men snatching at people's wrists as they walked past, hoping to find a watch. I have seen six watches fastened round the wrists of one man!

Next to watches, bright jewelry, not necessarily valuable, was much in demand. Furniture was a high priority, but beds enjoyed a dubious standing. In one post I visited I found the Russians sleeping on the floor, on straw, alongside perfectly good unoccupied beds.

I watched the Russians evacuate an Austrian castle and was the first Britisher to examine the place after their departure. The courtyard was a piled-up mass of broken furniture and furnishings. The windows had been burst from their frames as the soldiers hurled the furniture into the courtyard. Even the spick-and-span fire engine was hacked with an axe, as though in protest against its neat appearance.

The terrified staff told me that the wild looting had been carried out in the greatest good humor. This supports my belief that the destruction wrought by the Red Army bears no relation to revenge or hatred. Instead, I believe that it is a mixture of ignorance of value and an inability to comprehend a simple order. Ivan's immaturity and lack of elementary experiences must be recognized before his actions can be even partially understood.

Among the Russian soldiers there was a predilection for plumbing apparatus, but of the most haphazard kind: a pump taken from here, a basin from there, a connecting pipe from somewhere else.

Ivan was mystified by such wonders. The flushing of a lavatory was a shattering discovery. His ideas of what caused the flush were often at variance with best plumbing practices, hence the arbitrary extraction of a particular part of the complete unit! Kitchen sinks were used as eating bowls for the invariable hash on which the Red Army apparently existed. This was luxury indeed. Knives and forks were beyond their ken as eating utensils.

What of his effect upon the prestige of Russia in the eyes of Europe? There is only one word: disastrous. Ivan has divided East from West far more ef-

ficiently than the 25-year-old Russian "iron curtain." Not even the re-erection of this wall, further west, by Russia, can blot out the memory of Ivan from Central and Eastern Europe.

And what of the effect of Europe upon Ivan? The "peasant" Ivan has told the local inhabitants, once intercourse has been achieved, that he is never going back to Russia. The better-educated Ivan has reacted more viciously. He has seen disillusionment. The propaganda of Moscow has collapsed. The outside world, peopled by the masses living in unfurnished caves, half-starved, and slave-driven by a few "capitalists," hasn't been like that at all. Red Army soldiers of this type have been heard to say, openly, that when they return to Moscow they will shoot Stalin for his lies, if they get the chance.

The educated, but untraveled, Ivans are palpably living in a bemused state. The vehicles of so much propaganda, the pride in their military achievements undimmed, they do not know what line to take towards their allies.

Most important are the peasants, perhaps 5 million of them, who, collectively, promise to form a vocal, disruptive element within the U.S.S.R. The Ivan who has sent a shudder of horror through Europe may well send a shudder of horror through the U.S.S.R. when he returns home.

Many of us take our religion as we take a bus. We make use of it only when it is going our way.

David T. Armstrong.

Conquering a Killer

By O. A. BATTISTA

New job for blood donors

THE RH BLOOD factor is one of the most important medical discoveries of modern times. It is a killer of babies which has been tracked down and thoroughly exposed. Every parent, and every young couple planning marriage should be familiar with the various known facts about this newly revealed component of human blood.

The story of the discovery and understanding of the stealthy Rh factor goes back to the year 1937. At that time Dr. Karl Landsteiner and his assistant, Dr. Alexander Wiener, accidentally stumbled upon a clue which set them and other workers on its trail. But first a word about Dr. Landsteiner.

Landsteiner, a renowned medical scientist, earned his mark in the medical world by his pioneering work on the typing of human blood. He is the man who first pointed out that all human blood is not the same, that it may, in fact, be divided into several distinct types, namely, O, A, B, and AB.

The Landsteiner method of separating human blood into groups or types went a long way toward solving mysterious problems relating to blood transfusions before 1937. His original work, however, explained only part of the reason why blood from a parent and child may be quite incompatible, why transfusions have, in the past, killed rather than cured the patients

they were intended to save from death.

One day, less than ten years ago, Landsteiner and Wiener were at work in their laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. They were performing experiments on rabbits, injecting various substances into their blood streams and watching what would happen.

Quite by accident, they mixed a small quantity of blood taken from a Rhesus monkey into some of their rabbits. An unexpected result was obtained. Some of their bunnies became very sick; others died.

The two scientists were surprised at the unexpected reaction of their rabbits to Rhesus monkey blood although they attached little importance to the observation at first. They had, what seemed to them at the time, far more important phenomena to investigate. But they did go so far as to run a few test-tube experiments.

When they mixed rabbit blood and Rhesus monkey blood in small vials, and examined what took place under their microscopes, they found that the rabbit blood curdled and settled out in clumps. They blamed this peculiar curdling effect on some mysterious "factor" in the blood of the Rhesus monkey. They made a notation in their records to this effect, called the responsible factor the "Rh factor," relating it to the Rhesus monkey, and went on

to what seemed to be more urgent work.

Four years later, in 1941, Dr. Alexander Wiener, Landsteiner's assistant in 1937, got back on the trail. During the intervening time, he had been giving occasional thoughts to that peculiar "Rh factor," and ideas about it were beginning to crystallize in his mind.

"Didn't it happen, every once in a while, that a blood transfusion, involving two exact types of human blood, produced severe reactions contrary to every expectation? Could it be that there was something more to blood grouping than Landsteiner's original classifications, something similar to the Rh factor in the Rhesus monkey, which could cause curdling of two identical blood types?"

Wiener knew there was only one way to find out, namely, by experiment. He proceeded to mix samples of human blood, samples that would ordinarily have been considered quite mixable on the basis of Landsteiner's yardstick.

After mixing them, he looked at the mixtures under the microscope. The results were alarming, but they confirmed his theory. There was a mysterious factor in human blood similar to the Rh factor in Rhesus monkey blood. He was unable to say whether it was precisely the same substance, but it did produce a parallel result, that of destroying blood by making it curdle into useless clumps.

After Wiener performed hundreds of examinations, his figures showed that, on the average, about 85 out of

every 100 white Americans had this human Rh factor in their blood. The incidence of the factor was even higher with Negroes, and it was present in the blood of Chinese, almost without exception. The medical world took notice, and began examining human blood more closely.

But Wiener was not alone in his thinking and experimenting. Another scientist, Dr. Philip Levine of the Ortho Research Foundation, Linden, New Jersey, arrived at the same conclusion by an entirely independent and different approach.

Levine started out in 1937, also, to try to find the answers to the following questions: What causes the dreadful infants' disease called erythroblastosis fetalis? Why are some children born dead, even though their parents are perfectly healthy and everything is done to insure the arrival of a normal baby? What causes other babies to be born in a jaundiced state, or with their brain cells impaired leading to mental irregularities? Why is it that a mother may have two healthy children, and then lose her third or fourth for no good reason? Why, why, why?

Levine's research led him to the Rh factor ultimately. And he was able to utilize Wiener's conclusions in his crusading against erythroblastosis fetalis.

Only a few years ago, one baby in every 400 was necessarily the victim of this treacherous affliction. Levine organized his search, painstakingly testing the blood of the father, the mother, and the baby involved in each case of the disease he encountered.

His conclusions were decisive. They placed the blame for erythroblastosis fetalis on the Rh factor.

When a baby contracted this blood-wrecking condition, it turned out invariably that the father's blood contained the Rh factor and the mother's blood did not. In other words, erythroblastosis fetalis occurred when the father of the baby had Rh positive blood, and the mother of the baby had Rh negative. It never occurred if both parents had Rh positive blood or Rh negative blood.

What is the present day understanding of how the Rh factor may literally kill babies?

Let us consider a very typical case as a means of explaining the various known aspects of the Rh factor in human blood.

A young man by the name of John, having Rh positive blood, marries a young girl by the name of Mary, having Rh negative blood. Fortunately, this combination is the exception. Since approximately 85% of all Americans have Rh positive blood, usually both parties in a marriage have Rh positive blood.

Mary and John are very happy, and their marriage is to be blessed with a baby. The chances are that their first baby, at least, will be born in a perfectly normal condition. But should there be any direct mingling of the baby's blood with the mother's blood before it is born, and this is quite possible, trouble might start.

The Rh blood factor is a dominant hereditary trait. According to the laws

originally discovered by Gregor Mendel, the monk, this means that the baby will inherit the Rh factor from its father and have Rh positive blood.

Should a few drops of the baby's blood find its way into the mother's blood stream, therefore, a battle is begun at once. The Rh factor in the baby's blood tries its best to "curdle" the Rh negative blood in its mother. To overcome this, the mother's body develops very powerful antibodies which fight off the attacks of the baby's Rh positive blood. It is as though streptococci germs had entered the mother's blood stream, and her body manufactured antibodies to wipe them out.

The first, and even the second baby, may be born before the antibodies in the mother's blood become powerful enough to endanger the life of the succeeding child.

Only when powerful antibodies from the mother's blood find their way into the unborn baby's Rh positive blood stream does the erythroblastosis fetalis take over.

Can anything be done to save the life of an unborn baby whose parents have an incompatible Rh blood condition? The answer is Yes.

It is a relatively easy and inexpensive procedure to test the blood for the presence or absence of the Rh factor. Most hospitals perform this analysis today as a matter of routine, particularly at some time during the prenatal examinations. In this way, the doctor can tell in advance whether or not there is any danger of erythroblastosis.

If there is, he can be prepared to head it off the instant the baby is born. This is usually done by giving the baby a series of blood transfusions, usually with Rh negative blood. One transfusion may not be enough.

Medical men hope that some day public-spirited persons in communities throughout the land will organize Rh Negative Blood Donor clubs to assist physicians in their successful fight against the ravages which may be wrought by improper Rh factor combinations. These clubs will undoubtedly follow the pattern of the first of such organizations which was organized not so long ago in Paterson, New Jersey.

A group of the citizens of this community, at the suggestion of the New Jersey Board of Health and under the

sponsorship of the Passaic County Medical society, had their blood analyzed for the Rh factor. Fifteen out of every 100 persons who participated possessed Rh negative blood. The names and telephone numbers of those individuals having Rh negative blood are available to the physicians and hospital staffs in Paterson and surrounding communities. When a supply of Rh negative blood is urgently needed by a doctor to combat a case of erythroblastosis fetalis, he may obtain any amount of it by the mere dialing of a few numbers. The members of the club have pledged themselves to this end.

Certainly, the discovery and understanding of the Rh factor in human blood is one of the most decisive accomplishments of modern medicine.

Wartime Antiseptic

When my husband was in France, he complained in every letter about the cold and dampness. Finally I had a brain storm. I filled a bottle labeled "Mouthwash" with straight whiskey, dispatched it in an overseas box, and wrote, guardedly of course: "Am sending some excellent mouthwash to keep you from catching cold."

Months later I received word that the "mouthwash" had done its duty well. He hadn't even had a cold, while almost everyone else had had flu. I gave myself an "A" for ingenuity.

After he came back, I reminded him how devilishly clever I had been to perpetrate the "mouthwash" episode. His expression slowly became that of a large fish and his reply almost unseated me. "You know," he babbled, "I thought that stuff was pretty strong, but all mouthwash tastes like alcohol. I used it as a gargle and mouthwash, and didn't swallow a drop."

Hello (in heaven) girls

Switchboard HEROINES

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

At 12:35, house detective Edward McNamara flashed Mrs. Julia Curran Berry up at her second-floor switchboard at Chicago's La Salle hotel and told her to call the fire department. Fire was racing into the lobby of the 22-story hotel in the center of the Chicago financial district.

The flames burst from the Silver lounge, off the main lobby, and whirled upwards through the supposedly fireproof structure. McNamara called Mrs. Berry again. "Get out quick," his words crashed into her ears.

The heroic operator cut him off without an answer. She stayed at her board and rang up sleeping guests, hundreds of whom said she saved them from death. The lower floors were fogged with smoke when someone told William Bradfield, the assistant night manager of the hotel, that Mrs. Berry was still at her place. Bradfield pushed the telephone-room door open and found the 44-year-old operator gasping and choking at her board. "For God's sake, Julia," he shouted, "get out of here at once. The fire is sweeping up the stairs."

Perhaps she thought momentarily of her 16-year-old fatherless son (Mrs. Berry had been a widow for eight years), and how if anything happened to her he couldn't go to college, but

her thoughts didn't interfere with her devotion to duty. She kept manipulating the plugs. Bradfield grabbed her and tried to drag her from the board. It was too late. He slumped to the floor. He was badly burned about the face, hands, and arms when firemen rescued him later. They didn't find Mrs. Berry till the fire was almost out. She was dead then, her head bowed over her board, her right hand clutching a plug.

The Illinois Bell Telephone company, for whom Mrs. Berry worked as a young girl, announced she had been awarded the Theodore N. Vail gold medal and \$1,000 posthumously.

Thus has been added a new name to the honor roll of those heroines of the switchboard who put the lives of others before their own—and died. Mrs. Berry now joins the gallant company of Sarah J. Rooke, Gladys I. Gibson, and Helen R. Sullivan, each of whom perished in the line of duty.

Mrs. Rooke was operating her board at Folsom, New Mex., one rainy night in 1909, when she received a call from a ranch house 10 miles up the Cimmaron valley. There had been a cloudburst and a high wall of water was roaring down the valley river. Refusing to leave her post, she warned the village people and continued to call families in remote areas. She was still

*235 E. 45th St., New York City, 17. Aug. 18, 1946.

at her board when the flood struck. Houses were ripped from their foundations and scattered on the surface of the tide. The telephone office was smashed and Mrs. Rooke borne away with the ruins.

Miss Gibson was the switchboard operator at the Cleveland hospital, where 125 persons were suffocated or burned to death in 1929. She died at her switchboard, although she might easily have jumped to safety.

Miss Sullivan lost her life and found immortality a few days after Christmas in 1937. Two small boys were playing with an electric train in the lobby of a Jersey City hotel when a shower of sparks from a short circuit in the toy railroad landed on rolls of cotton under a Christmas tree. Fire spun up the tree and leaped to curtains and drapes. Miss Sullivan called the fire department and started to ring the rooms of the hotel's 100-odd guests. She stayed at her board until her clothing and hair were ablaze, then stumbled into the street and collapsed. She died later.

Sometimes those performances above and beyond the call of duty are unnecessary. Investigations into the La

Salle fire, for example, have given rise to the conclusion that the tragedy might easily have been avoided. The fire is now said to have started in an elevator shaft, where many similar fires have been caused by the combustion of oils used for lubrication. Such accumulated lubricants are often set afire by a carelessly flipped cigarette butt. Chemists are already developing a type of silicon-containing lubricants, which are practically nonflammable. Silicon, found in sand, is one of the commonest elements. The use of such lubricants in the Chicago hotel might have saved the life of heroic Mrs. Berry and all the others who perished there.

At Mrs. Berry's funeral, Father Edward Morgan said, "Christ taught us how to live that we may know how to die. Like Mary, Mrs. Berry was of humble origin, simple and retiring. Yet, when she saw her duty, even though it was a double duty, she performed it well."

In death, Mrs. Berry gained what she wanted above all else in life. Eight thousand Chicago telephone operators have given their word that her son will go to college.

I would rather hear you say, "I am a sinner," than hear you say, "I don't need religion." For if you say, "I am a sinner," you will look for a Redeemer. But if you say, "I don't need religion," you are your own god. And if you are God, I am an atheist.

Fulton Sheen in a Catholic Hour address (March '46).

SANCTUARY AT TAXCO

By EUDORA GARRETT

ABOUT 230 years ago, a youthful French adventurer named José de la Borda, prospecting for silver in a mountainous region of Central Mexico, rediscovered an ancient Aztec silver mine.

Within four years his mine was the richest on the American continent and its owner one of the wealthiest men in the world. In gratitude to God he resolved to follow for life, in fortune or adversity, the motto, "God gives to Borda, Borda gives to God."

Borda's "giving" was one of the most fortunate things that had ever happened to Mexico. He built roads, bridges, aqueducts, and homes. He gave generously, to Church, government, and people. And Taxco he gave to the whole world.

Visitors from all parts of the earth make their way to this hillside village where the youthful prospector's mule is said to have stumbled, uncovering the great Taxco mine. All come away enchanted. Here the Borda prodigality reached its peak with creation of Santa Prisca church, called today, as it was called when completed in 1757, "the most perfect and complete ecclesiastical monument in the New World."

Taxco's location and restful climate have made it an ideal vacation spot. Houses and little shops rise from one level to another for more than 700

feet up the steep mountainside. This unique, picturesque setting contributes much to modern Taxco's fame as an art center, as well as pilgrimage spot for visitors.

But Santa Prisca is queen of all this beauty. It is this magnificent monument to Catholicism which Don José de la Borda promised Pope Benedict XIV "without sparing work nor cost" that sets this little mountain village apart from all others of its kind. Certainly its perfection is the main reason why the Mexican government declared Taxco a national monument some years ago, prohibiting any change in its typical Spanish Colonial pattern.

It is said that De la Borda began dreaming of a church dedicated to San Sebastian and Santa Prisca soon after his discovery of the fabulous silver mine. First stones were laid in 1748 and, according to records and books in the keeping of Padre Corral, who has served the Taxco parish 21 years, it is true that "no expense was spared." Goldsmiths were brought from Castile; architects, sculptors, and other workmen from other parts of Spain to join Mexico's finest artisans.

Twelve carved altars were erected and overlaid in gold. The interior of the tiled dome was done in medallions with reliefs in gold representing the Virgin of Guadalupe. The twin towers

*De Mazenod Scholasticate, P. O. Box 96, San Antonio, 6, Texas. September, 1946.

and entrance façade are wrought into a delicate "miracle of hand-carved architecture," and the great altar, seen from this entrance, repeats the impression in even more exquisite refinement. Side chapels and the carved pulpit and confessionals add to the richness of the perfectly planned interior, with the organ and choir loft, installed in 1806, harmonizing in every detail.

Probably the finest work of Mexico's most renowned ecclesiastical painter, Miguel Cabrera, is found here. Twelve scenes from the lives of Christ and the blessed Virgin were designed for the sacristy, including his best representations of the Nativity and the Assumption. Cabrera also painted portraits of De la Borda and other dignitaries of the time for the parish.

Though revolutionary upsets took toll of its original perfection, Santa Prisca is indeed a study in art, architecture, and beauty for all visitors, as well as a place of pilgrimage for the devout. Taxquenos relish retelling the legend of its miraculous preservation nearly two centuries ago. The story states that the most violent storm ever known to the region struck this mountainside when the walls of the church were almost completed. At the height of the tumult, pious watchers saw Santa Prisca appear over the unfinished edifice, catching great shafts of lightning in one hand as she waved the other in blessing over the church and village.

One can well believe special protection was necessary for construction of the church in the dramatic setting it

occupies. Rising from the lovely little Plaza Netzahualcoyotl (named for Mexico's great Aztec poet and the center of all village activity), its west wall actually extends into the depths of what must have been a steep-walled ravine. It now shelters the steep path that leads down into the picturesque Taxco market, one of the most interesting in all Mexico, with booths and sidewalk wares found on half a dozen levels of the descent.

A view of Taxco from the towers where the great Santa Prisca bells are hung gives the impression of seeing the world from a cloud.

Though small in size, Taxco furnishes its visitors with plenty to occupy their time. The old convent and the church of the True Cross (*Verá Cruz*) are well worth visiting, especially at fiesta times, which happen often here. "Mission Cross," on a hilltop near the entrance to town, offers a view comparable to the Grand Canyon. Each different pathway up the mountainside on which the town is built has its special surprises. One passes the "place of the washerwomen," where laundry is done as it must have been done centuries ago. There are many shops where the famous designs and workmanship of Taxco silver are displayed; in some, guests may watch the silversmiths at work. Most newcomers like to see the old mine sites.

The town's best-known native-born artist, Fidel Figueroa, recently "resurrected," as his studio-home, a palatial residence of the Borda era that had fallen into ruins. So many visitors asked

to see it that the Figueroas threw open the doors to all comers.

But all eyes turn from other sights back to the heart of the bewitching loveliness of Taxco, back to Santa Prisca. The church lavishly sheds its beau-

ty and benediction, its subtle and mystical enchantment, on all who come. And I thought, "this is so because it was built as a gift to God and because God must bless such a prayer of gratitude expressed in carved stone."

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Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Bernanos, George. JOY. New York: Pantheon Books. 297 pp. \$2.75. Great novel about a beautiful woman whose strange secret disturbs everyone she meets.

Hutton, Graham. MIDWEST AT NOON. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 351 pp. \$3.50. Cross-section of civilization in the states that form the American inland agricultural and industrial empire. Well-considered, thorough, candid observations based on a foreign journalist's nine-year residence.

Jamison, James K. BY CROSS AND ANCHOR; *the Story of Frederic Baraga on Lake Superior*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 225 pp., illus. \$2.50. Young priest leaves a Yugoslav castle for Indian lodges, canoe and snowshoe travel in northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota of a century ago. Will appeal to young people.

Janney, Russell. MIRACLE OF THE BELLS. New York: Prentice-Hall. 497 pp. \$3. Novel of how love and good publicity remade the people of a mining town.

Latourette, Kenneth Scott. THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. 6th ed. rev. Boston: Houghton. 344 pp. \$3. Broad survey of China's cultural and political history from ancient times. Gives special attention to changes that have come during the last century as a result of contacts with the West.

Letters, F. J. H. VIRGIL. New York: Sheed & Ward. 162 pp. \$2. Virgil's influence on great writers who came after him, and an analysis of the theme of each of his works. For those who have never studied the Latin poet's language but who desire to know his place in the world's literature.

Neely, Henry M. A PRIMER FOR STAR-GAZERS. New York: Harper. 334 pp., illus. \$3.75. Guide to the night sky, dividing the stars according to their constellations. Gives the traditional story behind each constellation and the modern scientific discoveries pertaining to the stars composing it.

Rand, E. K. CICERO IN THE COURTROOM OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS (*The Aquinas Lecture, 1945*). Milwaukee: Marquette University Press. 115 pp. \$1.50. Testimony from Cicero's works quoted by St. Thomas in support of his own ethical doctrine, showing the esteem in which he held the great Roman eclectic.

THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY; *the Third Turin Edition, Translated by Raphael Collins*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 352 pp. \$4. The Church's official calendar of saints. Thumbnail biographies of all the universally recognized heroes and heroines of the cross for each day of the year.

Wade, Mason. THE FRENCH-CANADIAN OUTLOOK; *a Brief Account of the Unknown North Americans*. New York: Viking. 192 pp. \$2. One-third, the oldest third, of Canada's population are in the French-speaking province of Quebec. Mason Wade describes their tenaciously held 17th and 18th-century cultural heritage as well as its revolutionary modernization during the war years.

Willing, Eugene P., compiler. THE INDEX TO AMERICAN CATHOLIC PAMPHLETS; *Volume Three (August, 1942-May, 1946)*. Scranton (Box 631): Author. 107 pp., paper. \$1.25. Annotated, indexed, classified list of 650 recent pamphlets, for pamphlet-rack tender and librarian. Includes a history of American publishers of this popular type of literature.

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